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The Week

HARRY SINCLAIR must spend another six months in prison, as a result of a new decision of the Supreme Court. The sentence he is now serving was imposed for contempt of the Senate, in that he refused to answer questions put to him by one of its committees. The new sentence is caused by jury-shadowing activities in the first Fall-Sinclair criminal conspiracy case. His associate, Henry Mason Day, must serve four months, and W. Sherman Burns, of the Burns Detective Agency, is fined $1,000. The sentence imposed upon William J. Burns by the lower court is cancelled on the ground that it was not warranted by the evidence. The first case was important because it established the right of the Senate to compel testimony from recalcitrant witnesses, and as the history of the last few years proves, a Senate investigation is sometimes the only means by which to fight corruption in high places. This week's decision is hardly less important, for a different reason. The various court cases growing out of the oil scandals have in general seemed to support the view that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor. The shadowing of the jury was certainly done in a spirit of contempt for the judicial process. No fine that could be imposed on men of wealth like Sinclair and Day would constitute an adequate punishment. It is a healthy thing that they should go to jail, and that the whole country should see them.

NO better testimony to the confusion in which the decision of the Supreme Court on the O'Fallon case has left the question of valuation can be imagined than an editorial in Railway Age for June 1. This recognized trade journal of railway management, which has supported the railways consistently against the Interstate Commerce Commission, points out, "First, the court has said that cost of reproduction must be considered in valuation, but it has not said how much weight must be given to it. Secondly, rates must be adjusted in accordance with the competitive and other economic conditions, and it does not follow that if the roads got a valuation based largely upon the cost of reproduction they would be able to get earnings which would yield a fair return upon it. Third, cost of reproduction has both declined and increased in the past. It is conceivable it may decline in the future." In view of these uncertainties, and the possibilities of still more extensive litigation which may result from them, Railway Age proposes that the parties concerned get together and by a process of compromise arrive at some definite and workable basis of valuation. These parties might "agree upon a valuation which, in actual practice, could be used in the regulation of rates, although it might never be known whether it did or did not conform to the views of the Supreme Court." But "the fixing of rates is more an economic than a legal problem. Only to a very limited extent can economic problems be solved by methods of litigation." Such is the tribute paid by a successful litigant to the economic intelligence of the majority of the Supreme Court!

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THREE circumstances may combine to render the Senate's revision of the House tariff bill not, as is usually the case, an expansion of the increases in duties, but rather a contraction. The progressives and the Democrats, uniting in an attempt to force open committee hearings, have at least caused Senator Smoot of the Finance Committee to consent to open hearings by a series of sub-committees on the various schedules. This, in contrast to organization-dictated secrecy by which the measure was framed by the Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee, will furnish an opportunity to expose the arguments of those asking for higher duties, and to introduce witnesses for the consumer. A resolution by Senator La Follette, which will probably be passed, directs the State Department to transmit to the Senate all the protests against higher duties which have been received from foreign countries. This will illuminate another serious aspect of the matter which has been given scant public attention. And the low prices of wheat and other crops is causing the agricultural interests to ask more and more insistently what they can expect from a tariff system which is not effectively applied to their product, but raises the prices of what they have to buy. If, in spite of all, the Senate does not reduce the bill to distinctly less harmful proportions, President Hoover will have substantial support for a veto.

THE existing tariff law gives Customs Inspectors the right to seize all books brought or sent into this country which they regard as obscene. Everyone knows of the ridiculous seizures made under this ruling; the list includes Rousseau's "Confessions," Voltaire's "Candide," "The Decameron," and the letters of Abelard and Heloise. This is bad enough; but in the new tariff law there is a proposal which is even worse. Section 305 prohibits the importation of books or pamphlets containing "any matter advocating or urging treason, insurrection or forcible resistance to any law of the United States. . . ." So good an authority as Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of Harvard Law School, believes this section would be interpreted to bar any book advocating revolution, whether specifically directed against the United States or not. He points out that university libraries could not collect material dealing with the French and Russian revolutions, and that Bertrand Russell's "Proposed Roads to Freedom" would be censored because it quotes from "The Communist Manifesto." The Customs censorship is bad enough as it is; it will be ten times worse if this vicious provision stays in the law.

ASIDE from the difference between the agricultural-relief bills of the House and the Senate caused by the Senate's acceptance of the debenture, there is another important variation which is likely to be overlooked. The House bill authorizes the President to transfer to the jurisdiction of the Farm Board any office or bureau of the government "engaged in scientific or extension work, or the furnishing of services, with respect to the marketing of agricultural commodities." The Senate bill contains no such provision. Some of the best and most candid scientific work of the government is now being done by bureaus of the Department of Agriculture. There is a danger that if any of these branches were transferred to a body like the Farm Board, whose whole bias would be political, and which would be directly concerned with influencing prices, an undesirable pressure might easily be exerted on such scientific bureaus, either as to the nature of the information published, or in restricting the publication of information acquired. No such provision is necessary either to enable the Farm Board to make use of such scientific work as is done, or to supplement it with work by its own staff, should that be necessary. Here is a case where the general "efficiency" resulting from consolidation of bureaus ought not to blind us to the specific danger in combining functions which really are dissimilar and sometimes antagonistic.

MR. GRAUSTEIN, president of the International Paper and Power Company, and one of President Lowell's fair-haired boys from Harvard, who bought all or part of thirteen newspapers and tried to buy dozens more, has always insisted that this was not done in order to control these papers' views. It was only, so he said, practically weeping in his earnestness, in order to assure a permanent market for the paper produced by the I. P. and P. But not all the activities of power-company representatives were on this footing. Consider the facts revealed about the organization of a new paper which was started not long ago, the Mobile, Alabama, Press. Thomas M. Stevens, council for the I. P. and P. in Alabama, was having lunch with Thomas W. Martin, President of the Alabama Power Company, which is one of the most belligerent and influential hydro-electric corporations in the country. They discussed the fact that the existing papers in Mobile were "hostile" to power-trust activities, and the suggestion was made—by whom, it is not quite clear—that a new paper ought to be started which would be friendlier, and more inclined to a sweet reasonableness. Out of this conversation was born the Press, though the money did not come out of the power company's war chest. The class-room will now be silent while Mr. Graustein rises to explain that the establishing of this paper was strictly a business enterprise, and had nothing to do with propaganda.

HARRY J. CANTER, of Boston, is one of a great many persons who believe that Sacco and Vanzetti did not have a fair trial. On the third of last November, he paraded in front of the State House carrying a placard which read: "Fuller, Murderer of Sacco and Vanzetti." For doing this, he was arrested on a charge of criminal libel. He

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was tried, found guilty by a jury, and sentenced to serve one year in the House of Correction—one-half the maximum sentence possible under Massachusetts law for this crime. The plea made by Canter's lawyers was that his remarks were merely an expression of his view on an important question of public policy. He did not, they argued, intend to imply that Governor Fuller was literally a murderer, but only that he had acted improperly in permitting Sacco and Vanzetti to be executed. Judge Raymond, however, took a contrary view, and instructed the jury that the word "murderer" should be accepted literally. All efforts to bring before the jury the actual facts of the Sacco-Vanzetti case were unavailing.

THE case is being appealed jointly by the International Labor Defense and the American Civil Liberties Union. These organizations feel that an important principle of free speech is involved, and that the action in the Canter case, if allowed to go unprotested, will set a serious precedent curtailing the right of the individual citizen to comment on the acts of public officials. This is true, and important; but even more important is the state of mind of Boston which is indicated by the fact of Canter's trial. In any other city, a man parading with a placard which called a public official a murderer would in all probability by picked up by the police as a harmless crank, his banner taken from him, and turned loose. The fact that in Boston such an incident is made the basis for formal court proceedings indicates the bad conscience of Massachusetts regarding the Sacco-Vanzetti case. However fiercely the Bostonians may deny it, they will never be quite sane and healthy again until they have liquidated the moral issue involved.

THERE is no one so pathetically eager to take advice as the newborn college graduate, and now is the time when he gets it by the bucketful. The content of the familiar mixture demands no new examination; but we are happy to chronicle the appearance among the customary streams of exhortations, pious hypocrisies, and oratory in general of one dish of bitterly cold truth. Speaking at the graduation banquet of the senior class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Professor Robert E. Rogers of the Department of English of that college summarized in forthright fashion the Things a Young American Ought to Know, and presented them as his contribution toward helping the graduates achieve that which every American knows God expects him to achieve—Success. Some of the maxims, as reported in the press, follow:

1. Be a snob.
2. Set before yourself a definite plan to be a ruling person.
3. Be superior, act superior. Talk like it. Think like it.
4. Brains are not nearly so important as will.
5. Found a family that will be successful. The ambitious aspiring men are always marrying a little higher in the social scale. It is just as easy to marry the boss's daughter as the stenographer.
6. Join a good club. Eat like a gentleman and demand good service at your club, and, above all, be with gentlemen.
7. A snob university gets the most publicity and the most money. What goes for a university goes for an individual as well.

There will be some disposition to criticize Professor Rogers for these suggestions, but we cannot see how he can be blamed for giving to his pupils the answer to the question which he knows and they know is the thing they came to college to find out. He makes no allowance for the exceptions, and the exceptions, naturally, exist, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Princeton and Yale and Harvard and the University of Nevada and in equal proportions, no doubt, in each place. He addresses the majority—the great majority which has swamped a thousand registrars' offices, jock-eyed for invitations for New York, Boston, Pittsburgh coming-out parties, fought to get into chapter houses and eating clubs, voted Corporation Finance or such the "most valuable" course, crammed the advertising agencies and descended like locusts upon the brokerage houses—the clear-eyed young devotees of the great religion of Success. Well, they know what they want, and Professor Rogers has outlined for them what they should do to get it.

TO BLAME the young men for wanting what they have been taught to want almost with their milk is even more futile than damning Professor Rogers for telling them how to get it. Nor have appeals to duty, to brotherhood, to the inner check, or to any of the other of the ancient virtues been of much avail in blocking the slide to the pasture of Grab and Win. The Success religion, with its heaven on earth, its money and publicity (to adopt Professor Rogers' criterion of the good life) has so far delivered the goods. Behold, the tiled bathrooms! If you can't have a Packard, what's the matter with the new Ford! Is that, then, all there is to it? Not at all. There are, for one thing, the above-noted exceptions, off the campus as well as on. And there is another factor which Professor Rogers might justifiably point out. He might suggest, that is, that the young men, as they drive on to Success, take a moment off now and then for the very entertaining business of watching the gentlemen with whom they are so determinedly associating. They might watch them simply to find out whether they seem to be having a good time. They might watch them when they are conversing with their wives. They might observe them of a Saturday night at the country club. They might find the inquiry profitable enough to pursue it to the office of some eminent specialist in nervous diseases. They might, who knows, even ask themselves just what they were getting into such a terrific sweat about.

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WHEN Henry Ford asked the International Labor Office of the League of Nations to discover comparative costs of living in various European centers where his factories exist, and thus enable him to equalize the real wages paid, he undertook a praiseworthy object. The incident dramatizes the fact that very little of a substantial nature is known about such comparative costs, and, indeed, about the comparative real wages being paid. References to "cheap European labor" are ordinarily based on most inadequate sources. The incident furthermore dramatizes the fact that, as more productive methods are introduced into countries with relatively low wage levels, those wages can be raised—provided, of course, a market for the output exists. Indeed, an increase in wages is very likely to result from a general increase in productivity, whether employers like Ford deliberately bring it about or not. High wages in this country, where they exist, are due not half so much to the tariff as to the superior efficiency of our production. If Europe competes seriously with us on the productivity side, the bugaboo of "cheap European labor" is likely to disappear, and instead we shall be presented with a wider market for the product of our own factories.

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British Labor's Opportunity

WHEN British Labor first came to political power, it had many fewer votes in Parliament than it musters now. The Conservatives outnumbered it; only by continuous support of virtually all the Liberals could it remain in office for a day. Its appearance on the stage of responsible government was therefore a sort of amateur try-out for a play which it had no assurance of being able to perform. The actors had to speak lines prescribed by others; their opportunity was, not to be judged by the power of an organized performance, but to establish themselves as individuals fit to be entrusted with larger roles. It was freely said that the danger confronting the party was to have accepted the responsibility for alleviating the economic ills of the nation without having the power to carry out its promises. And it was also said that its main accomplishment would have to consist in removing the prejudice that it contained no personalities of sufficient wisdom and poise to be entrusted with high office. This, in a measure, it did, though it was thrown out by desertion of the Liberals before it had made a real beginning at its internal program, and was defeated by a Conservative trick in the ensuing election.

The British Labor party's present opportunity is of a quite different sort. It still does not possess that clear majority which would enable it to pass legislation against united opposition of the Liberals and Conservatives, and so it cannot undertake any such thorough-going socialization of the country as was proposed, for instance, in the famous Nottingham program adopted during the War. But, in a Parliament of 615 members, it lacks only about thirty votes of such a majority, and so can continue in office as long as a little more than half of the fifty-seven Liberal members refrain from voting against it. It need not make a formal coalition with Lloyd George's party as a whole; it has the opportunity of presenting legislation which a progressive faction of the Liberals would not have the face to oppose.

This opportunity is far from a narrowly limited one. For the more intelligent sections of the Liberal party itself have been moving rapidly in the direction, not, to be sure, of dogmatic Socialism, but of a planned economic system, functionally devised in the interest of social welfare. Indeed, some of the more intelligent thinkers in the Labor ranks hold the opinion that the Liberal economists have recently done far more realistic and constructive work on national policy than the political leaders of Labor. It has even been complained that Lloyd George's promise to abolish unemployment within a year, and the method by which he expected to fulfill this promise, were stolen from the earlier Labor program on the same subject. It was the expert Liberal committee's report of "Britain's Industrial Future" which proposed such things as an Economic General Staff to collect and complete statistics and plan continuously for the welfare of the nation, a Board of National Investment to direct the flow of capital where it was most needed and so increase the standards of living and the national efficiency, and a whole array of other devices which in this country would probably be denounced as the extreme of Socialism. And in foreign policy—where even during its previous incumbency the Labor government found plentiful Liberal support—coöperation ought to be easy, especially in bringing about reduction of naval armament by agreement with the United States, and European appeasement.

If Labor had at this time been given a clear mandate to go ahead with its own program, regardless of Liberal coöperation, the wiser sympathizers with its ultimate aims would have entertained grave doubts of its success. A drastic process of nationalization would have entailed heavy liabilities. The basic difficulties alone are serious. Could the government make the coal industry pay its way, after taking it over? Would it not be forced to carry out an unpopular cutting of man-power? And even then, could the depleted seams, far underground and expensive to work, survive in international competition? Could Labor command the technical and administrative ability to acquire, operate and de-

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velop the electrical power industry or the banking system? Granted that capacity to do such things existed, would not the attempt to do them arouse such bitter opposition on the part of the expropriated, that an economic crisis of the first rank, if not, indeed, violent and revolutionary resistance, would plunge the country into disorder with which Labor was not prepared to cope? Such obstacles certainly would be foreseen and would trouble the wiser heads of the party, which would, if it had a majority, thus find itself in a serious dilemma. Either it would have to give way before the confidence of its own left wing, and set sail on uncharted and stormy seas, or else hesitate, with full political power at its command, to do what it had declared it intended to do, and thus be self-convicted of weakness and unpreparedness.

As things stand, however, its leaders need only have the wit to make use of the ability in the Liberal ranks, and challenge the Liberals to aid in making good on their own program as far as that program enables the Liberals to tread the Labor road. The result would be a pragmatic and experimental approach to some of Labor's most important goals. And there are many reasons to think that, short of a revolutionary overturn such as British Labor has never contemplated and does not want, this is the most feasible beginning at a reconstruction of economic society. At any rate, the Labor party has the invaluable opportunity to test the Liberal way before undertaking anything more drastic. Whatever the outcome, the Laborites ought to be able to use it to advantage. If any considerable number of Liberals should refuse to support Labor in carrying out important parts of the Liberal program, Labor would be justified in appealing to the country to deprive such a stultified group of their power of veto. If the new measures were established and proved successful, the amelioration which they would furnish to the country's life, combined with the experience which they would provide in planning and carrying out economic changes, would do much to make possible further steps, and to recommend such steps to the electorate. The Liberals would then have the choice of following Labor further or attempting to block more progress. And if the measures produced undesirable results, it would be a powerful argument against such gradual and piecemeal change; Labor could then say, We have tried your methods; now give us a chance to develop our own. No doubt, an election conducted on such an issue might well result in a temporary return to power of the Conservatives and a reaction against even the moderate changes already made. But it would clear the issues, sharpen the lines of division, and virtually eliminate the Liberals from the picture.

So this election may provide, even more than an opportunity for Labor, a final test of the value of political Liberalism to a nation in the situation of Great Britain. If Liberal brains and Liberal leadership can make any contribution to the economic salvation of Britain, this is their supreme opportunity—all the more so since the election has deprived them of much chance for narrowly political maneuvering. Their main service must be in ideas rather than in party power; and ideas always thrive best among minorities. Ideas cannot easily be transmitted from a minority group to a conservative body of vested interests, but they may be more easily utilized by a new and dissatisfied group which is on the move. The real opportunity for the Liberals is thus to destroy any ultimate need for their corporate entity by seeing their ideas fructified in Labor's success.

The End of the Hoover Honeymoon

MR. HOOVER has now been in office three months, and by general consent of the Washington correspondents, his honeymoon is over. Every new President has a short period after the inauguration during which things go better than they ever will again. In Mr. Hoover's case, the era of good feeling has ended sooner than usual because of the special session of Congress, but the autumn would probably have seen it come to a close, in any case. Today he is faced with serious revolts in both branches of Congress. The progressive Senators fought for the debenture plan for farm relief, despite his opposition, and our Washington correspondent this week tells of his earnest—and unavailing—struggle to get a lower rate on sugar in the House. His most serious test, of course, will come when the entire tariff bill is finally written. It seems altogether likely that the measure will be of such a character that he can sign it only by stultifying himself, and it will be extremely interesting to see what he will do in this crisis—a crisis which he brought upon himself when he needlessly permitted tariff revision to become an element in the campaign. While we wait the event, the present moment affords an opportunity for a backward glance over his first three months in office, and at least a tentative estimate of the impression he has created.

On the right side of the ledger, as we seek to strike a balance, there are some admirable items. High on the list comes his selection of such men as Stimson, Wilbur and Mitchell as members of his Cabinet. The attempt to clean up the Republican party in the South was not only good politics, but good morals as well. In his relation with the press he has done better than any of his predecessors, particularly in permitting himself to be quoted directly on many important subjects. In choosing Charles J. Rhoads as head of the Indian Bureau, and Joseph P. Cotton for under-Secretary of State, he has selected conspicuously able men with little regard for their political "availability," and when he made public the names of those who had recommended some of the nominees selected for

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federal judgeships, he invented an innovation in presidential publicity which certainly ought not to be allowed to die. To withdraw all public lands from oil exploitation was a wise act, and one which required a considerable degree of political courage. In the field of foreign relations, he should be applauded for insisting, through Ambassador Gibson, that the ideal to be sought is not merely limitation, but reduction of armament. In view of the restrictions placed upon him by the law, he acted skillfully when he reduced the annual payments by Germany to the United States and extended the period of time, thus giving an appearance of cancelling part of the debt, and of participating in the sacrifices which the Allies were being called upon to make at Paris.

On the wrong side of the ledger, a prominent place must be given to the capitulation to the French point of view on trained reservists. While this concession was afterward partially repudiated, grave harm was done to the cause of peace through the seeming endorsement of a system which is utterly incompatible with disarmament. In the field of foreign affairs, also, we regret the flat announcement that the administration is opposed to the recognition of Russia, a piece of unrealistic political thinking which may come back to cause Mr. Hoover acute embarrassment a year or two hence. In the domestic field, The New Republic has already recorded its belief that the President's opposition to the debenture plan is inconsistent with his support of tariffs in general. His selection of Theodore Roosevelt to be Governor of Porto Rico, John M. Morin as a member of the Federal Workmen's Compensation Commission, and former Senator Irvine L. Lenroot as a Judge of the Customs Court were all thoroughly undesirable appointments, made for political reasons at the cost of the public interest. While the personnel of the special Commission which will investigate the federal judicial system is on the whole satisfactory, we regret that the scope of the investigation has been so broadened that it seems impossible for a study of any real worth to be produced soon enough to have much practical value. It is apparent, we think, that the scope was widened deliberately, in order to lessen the emphasis on the politically dangerous question of prohibition, and we regret that the President did not have the courage to grasp this nettle firmly.

Both of these lists might be extended, but these items are sufficient to give a clue to the character of the Hoover administration. He is proceeding, it seems clear, on an *ad hoc* basis. While it is true, as our Washington correspondent has several times pointed out, that Mr. Hoover thinks faster than does Congress, and is thus sometimes able to dig traps for his enemies in the National Legislature, he is making most of his decisions one by one, as the issues arise. This is sensible procedure for an executive, who is usually forced to follow it in any case by the exigencies of the day's work; but in the President of the United States, everything depends upon the philosophy which underlies these day-to-day actions. What evidence have we, on a basis of his first three months, as to Mr. Hoover's philosophy? His warm admirers have assured us that he is not merely an efficient administrator, but a super-statesman. He envisages, they assure us, a Utopia of peace and prosperity into which he will lead his fellow countrymen, and ultimately the world. Does a ninety-days' test give us any ground for believing that these encomiums may be accepted at 100 percent?

Even a friendly critic must reply, in our opinion, that it does not. Mr. Hoover's administration is such an enormous improvement on Mr. Coolidge's that we are tempted to see it as better than it is. Hoover does not run away from his troubles; he feels competent to solve them, and acts in most cases with a promptness and decision which have not been seen in the White House since Mr. Wilson's early days. He is, moreover, filled with a general attitude of good will, the temper which in some of his enthusiastic supporters has caused them to be called "Boy Scouts." While it is easy to make fun of this attitude, it is greatly preferable to its opposite, and there is good reason to believe that it will find reflection in some admirable social legislation before Mr. Hoover's term is ended. None of these qualities, however, is unique; indeed, they are shared by so many other persons that they are hardly notable. If Hoover the superman exists, he has not yet shown himself. The test which is coming in the immediate future will reveal to us whether he is his own man, or will yield to the pressure of powerful forces within the Republican party, against his judgment as economist and humanitarian, and keep the country safe for special privilege.

The High Cost of Fame

EVEN in the beginning only a mean-spirited person could have envied young Charles Augustus Lindbergh the cyclone of fame into which he was wafted by his flight across the Atlantic. It is true that other aviators, before as well as since, have displayed approximately as much courage and skill. It is also true that men in other walks of life have done as much and risked as much for the human race and received little applause from the gallery gods. We don't recall that anyone made a fuss as to whom the conquerors of yellow fever married. Even Alcock and Brown, the two Englishmen who actually made the first transatlantic flight from Newfoundland to Ireland, were let off with a small fraction of the adulation showered upon Lindbergh. But, allowing for a degree of inequality in the distribution of the world's acclaim, the young hero earned and bore his honors well. It was a little as though an English boy had been hauled up out of a coal pit and

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made Prince of Wales. No one but a youngster of sterling material could have stood the strain without cracking. Lindbergh did stand it, modestly, at first even shrinkingly, and doing his best to turn attention away from himself and toward the art of flying. He kept on flying. In his good-will tour to Central America last year he took very considerable risks.

But his reputation, which gave him at a bound a position in the world that would have seemed a fantastic dream to the humble mail carrier of a few years ago, had its fearful inconveniences. He was made to go around the country on a kind of triumphal tour, ostensibly in the interests of aviation, actually in order to give the American public something to gape at. There is abundant testimony that he did not enjoy it. He resisted to the last ditch the attempts of a multitude of egregious asses to drag him down to their own level. He remained serious, slow to smile, far more interested in his machinery than in the delegations from the local Chambers of Commerce or American Legion posts who waited upon the field to greet him. No doubt he thought the furore would die down after a while. He did not reckon on the American public or American journalism. Once these two great forces have set their teeth into an engaging myth they are extraordinarily reluctant to relinquish it. And Lindbergh was such a myth —a myth because no human being could live up to what was expected of this unobtrusive youngster, but engaging because of the very simplicity of his nature. He might have escaped, after a fashion, by doing something distasteful to the crowd, for the multitude that makes a human being a god is always ready to take him down from his pedestal and hurl him into outer darkness if he behaves too much like one. That is mere human nature. But Lindbergh made no mistakes. The nearest he came to error was when he spoke a little roughly to several idiots who were walking cheerfully into his still revolving propeller. But his nerves must many times have been near the breaking point.

Then came his courtship and finally his marriage. As all who have been through these experiences will testify, privacy is one of their desirable ingredients. Obviously the public could not be indifferent to the romance of America's most marriageable bachelor. The interest which would have existed even had Lindbergh married a milliner or a school girl from his home town was heightened when he selected the daughter of a gentleman who is at once ambassador to Mexico and member—or former member—of the house of Morgan, and then courted her among the clouds. Lindy and Anne were a motion picture come true. They convinced every idealistic person that there was some justice in the world, after all. So far, so good. But there then began to be signs that the newspapers and the public were far more concerned about providing themselves with a good show than they were with making Lindy and Anne happy. In fact, they were rather like a vaudeville audience demanding encores on a hot summer evening. They could laugh and cry over the roles which the two lovers were acting. They could not see, or would not see, that back of these roles were two human beings who did not want always to go about under the spotlight with grease paint on their faces. They were willing to give their favorites every gift except the great gift of being let alone. Lindbergh's life had been endangered by crowds who swarmed on to his landing fields or who nearly brained him by hurling heavy wreaths and boxes of flowers at his head. If the public had had its way, his honeymoon would have been turned into the same kind of nightmare.

Nothing was plainer than that ordinary consideration for the young lovers demanded that their desire for quiet be respected. Nevertheless their marriage and their wedding trip turned into a game of hide-and-seek, with bride and groom trying to keep out of sight and a thousand reporters and photographers trying to find them. They were hunted as assiduously as though they had committed murder instead of matrimony. It is a high price that Mr. Lindbergh has to pay for one Atlantic crossing.

We cannot get far merely by pointing out that these excesses of hero worship are deplorable. The persecution—for persecution it really is—of prominent people will probably continue so long as curiosity is a human quality. It could be diminished, however, if the American public and those who minister to it through the newspapers could acquire a new conception of courtesy. Editors could do a good deal if they cultivated a sense of proportion. That this is just now considered impracticable is shown by the fact that even the conservative journals have followed the example set by the tabloids. But in the end hysteria is likely to bring on its own reaction. Some brilliant journalist may some day discover that a well balanced meal will satisfy more patrons than an exclusive diet of cake, and without detracting from the credit due a Lindbergh, or, for that matter, a Tunney, give our heroes a little privacy and his readers a little variety.

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The British Labor Victory

The Meaning of the "Decisive Negative Verdict"

A CLEAN and well argued contest, without stunts or personalities, has yielded a decisive negative verdict. The electorate was weary and ashamed of Baldwin's fatalism and inertia. It prefers the risks of action to safety-first, and demands a bold policy to cope with the malady of chronic unemployment. It condemns Chamberlain's foreign policy, his excessive subservience to France, his indifference to constructive peace, his alienation of the United States. It will support genuine measures for disarmament. Finally, it is not impressed by the advantages of "safeguarding"—to use the Tory euphemism for protection. All this is common ground to both Labor and the Liberals, and for all this, as well as much useful social and educational reform, MacDonald has a clear mandate. Labor continues its inevitable march with the momentum of a mass movement. Without money or a press of its own, the party grows by the devotion and faith of its rank and file. It now holds the industrial areas firmly, and has just begun to make a few conquests in the villages.

With the most brilliant leaders of the three groups, an able general staff of economists and writers, ample funds, and a capable press, the Liberals have failed to secure either the 150 members for whom they hoped or a position of unlimited dictatorship. The support of the Daily Mail and other malcontent Tory papers rather injured than helped them. The average elector dislikes complications, and fails to understand the position of a third party skirmishing on the flanks of the main battle. He deeply distrusted Lloyd George's instability, and feared that he would use the opportunity to form a second coalition, or to conclude a treaty with the Tories—which was in all probability his intention. But apart from these personal reasons, the workers of the towns have finally lost their old faith in the Liberal party. None the less, with barely a tenth of the House, Liberalism retains nearly a fourth of the votes of the electorate, and will now subordinate every other consideration to securing a fairer electoral system with the alternative vote. Neither of the rivals wishes to restore its fortunes by this act of justice, but Labor cannot on principle refuse.

It matters little whether Baldwin resigns immediately as his wiser friends insist, or waits for an adverse vote on June 25. MacDonald is already preparing his cabinet. Severe limits are set for a considerable time to any disconcerting maneuver by Lloyd George. On paper a Tory combination with the Liberals might have a nominal majority of thirty-one. But the Liberals are not a squad which can be wheeled right or left at a sergeant's word of command. If he attempted it, Lloyd George would wreck his party, nor could a remnant keep Baldwin in office. Again, on paper, a Labor-Liberal combination might have a majority of eighty-seven. Half this would suffice, and this will be forthcoming if MacDonald postpones any distinctively socialist legislation, preserves the moderation which is his natural posture, and offers some hope of electoral reform. His danger is tactless language rather than violent action. But it is improbable that there will be any formal conference or treaty between the two parties, nor are these necessary for some time at least. Labor has an adequate majority over the Conservatives if the Liberals will abstain from voting, a course toward which this negligent, disunited party is spontaneously inclined. A further check on Liberal action is that the country would resent the disturbance of another election within less than two years, and would visit its displeasure on any party which provoked it unnecessarily. Labor, in short, has a much fairer prospect for useful work before it than it had in 1924.

MacDonald, as he promised in his Albert Hall speech, will certainly make a prompt and wholehearted response to Hoover's initiative regarding naval disarmament. The party behind him is ready for drastic reduction and is eager to use the resultant economy for social purposes. MacDonald now enjoys normal health, but will not again shoulder the impossible double burden of the premiership and the foreign office, though he will inspire the latter's policy. Noel Buxton, a member of an old Whig family associated with the abolition of the slave trade, formerly minister of agriculture but a lifelong student of foreign affairs, would make an admirable choice. Other possibilities are Arthur Henderson, who did well at Geneva, Lord Thomson, or Oswald Mosley. Philip Snowden will again be chancellor; after him the most vital office to be filled will be that of secretary of the new committee of development which will be charged with the reorganization of industry and the creation of constructive work for the unemployed. But nothing will avail if the Treasury and the Bank of England are strong enough to continue the policy of incessant monetary deflation which has kept us for eight years at a subnormal temperature. The real peril to Labor's experiment comes less from Liberal politicians than from social forces which will resist disarmament and from financial interests which must oppose its economic policy.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

London (by cable).

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Without Apology

The State Releases Harry Hoffman

WE HEAR a great deal, and it is proper that we should, about the injustice visited upon those who are tried and convicted for crimes which they did not commit. But there is something also to be said, sometimes, about those who are tried and acquitted. Consider, for instance, the case of Harry Hoffman. It was only the other day that the state of New York remarked, not very politely, to Harry Hoffman: "Our error; you can go home now." For five years, he had been a prisoner, part of the time in Sing Sing, and part in the Raymond Street Jail. Four times he had been tried for a crime for which the penalty in New York State is death in the electric chair.

During most of these years, the State had kept this Staten Island movie operator in an indoor cage; for "those awaiting trial" are not allowed to exercise in the open court, nor to engage in any occupation. But after the fourth bitterly waged trial, the jury discovered that it had been a mistake to put him in jail at all.

The evidence showed that Harry Hoffman had not murdered Mrs. Mary A. Bauer, in 1924, on a Staten Island road. The bullets that fitted his 25-caliber revolver were not marked the same as those found in the dead woman's body. But the public had demanded that somebody be punished. School children had seen Mrs. Bauer get into a Ford sedan. "The man had a brown hat," they said, "and wore bone-rimmed spectacles." More than a hundred men answering to this description had been questioned, and eventually the search had centered on Hoffman.

Why, asked the State, had he mailed his 25-caliber revolver to his brother when talk of lynching began? Why had he cut his hair and changed his bone-rimmed spectacles for gold-rimmed ones? Certainly his behavior had been suspicious.

The prosecution merely laughed at his frightened explanation. "I was a Jew in a Gentile neighborhood on Staten Island," he said. "Jews are not loved on the Island. But that hadn't mattered before. I always minded my own business, and paid no attention when people talked of 'dirty Jews.'" He had been happily married, interested in his work, and devoted to his two daughters.

In those days, Hoffman had been fat, good-natured, and happy-go-lucky. But there was one persistent fear in the Jew who lived among Gentiles. Years before, he had known a man who knew Leo Frank, and because of this he had followed the tragic story of the Jewish shoe manufacturer word for word in the newspapers, until it had become an obsession with him. "When Frank was finally lynched by the mob, I could feel them lynching me," he said. "I was sick at my stomach, and couldn't eat nor sleep. There was nothing but circumstantial evidence against him. And I knew that the feeling was so strong because he was a Jew. Later, a Negro confessed and Frank was vindicated. But ten years too late."

In his turn, Hoffman saw the same mob-frenzy begin to rise against himself on Staten Island. "Lynch the Jew with the bone-rimmed spectacles!" A thirteen-year-old girl identified him as the man in the car. She had been standing at a cross-roads with some school children and had recognized Mrs. Bauer, from a considerable distance, in the Ford sedan with a stranger. Other witnesses testified that he had been in Tottenville, at the end of the Island, at almost the same time. Hoffman had lost his head, and in his terror had provided the circumstantial evidence that had nearly sent him to the electric chair.

During the five years that he was in prison, the State thoughtfully allowed him to communicate with the outside world. He was informed when his wife went off with another man, and when his youngest child was committed to an orphan asylum. In the end, the State was generous enough to acknowledge its mistake, and restore his freedom to him. But the State said nothing of any restitution for the disasters its blunder had caused him: the loss of his family, his reputation, his savings, his health, and five years of his life. His agony when confronted with the electric chair, and the gradual undermining of his spirit, were forgotten. The State was finished with him, and if he had been broken in the process, that was his misfortune. Had he been run over in the street by a truck, his interests would have been better cared for.

But he had his freedom; surely that was all he needed? He emerged from the court house in Brooklyn, thin and weak, clinging to his lawyer for protection. A mob had gathered to see him come out, not hostile this time, but itching with curiosity to see the man who had suffered unjustly. Flashlights blazed, and for a few minutes he was the object of the morbid interest that the public takes in all catastrophes. In his case, there was an extra fillip for the mob, because Hoffman himself had increased his danger by his own obstinacy: the prosecution had been willing to accept a plea of guilty to second-degree manslaughter. Conviction under this charge would virtually have freed him,

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for he would have been given credit for the years he had already spent in prison. But he had insisted on vindication, or death.

In his lawyer's office, he was asked how it felt to be free. His former facility with words was gone. He repeated lifelessly, "I want to go back to the Raymond Street jail to get my things." And when nobody paid any attention to this, he asked if he could visit his daughter in the orphanage. Others decided for him that the next day would be soon enough for both of these visits. The wife who had deserted him, and been deserted in turn by her second husband, hovered about him. On Hoffman's acquittal, she had thrown herself into his arms, but he had stared at her with suspicion.

Since the State no longer provided shelter for him, and his home had long since vanished, he went to a friend's house for his first night of freedom. He stumbled as he stepped into the taxi. "Patrol wagons have roomier steps," he commented. It chanced that the taxi's windshield was broken: cracked glass rayed out from what looked like a bullet-hole. "If a murder had been committed near here," said Hoffman, "those circumstantial evidence lawyers would say that the murderer must be someone in this taxi."

Crossing New York City, the lights, the traffic, and the excitement tired him. He huddled into the obscurity of the cab. That evening, in the Bronx, his friends returned his gold ring and his camera, which had been saved for him. He polished the ring on his cuff, turning it over like a toy, but kept on talking of going back to the Raymond Street jail for his things. There were two dirty shirts, a mirror, a comb and brush, a toothbrush, and a ninety-eight-cent watch. His friends were annoyed by his insistence, and his inability to share in the gaiety of the occasion. But he had forgotten how to crack jokes and how to laugh.

When he was shown his bed for the night, he found it too soft to sleep on. He stripped it of bedding, including the mattress, and slept on a single blanket on the springs. In the morning, his prison habits woke him at five o'clock. He slipped out of the house and went back to the Raymond Street jail for his things. Someone had stolen his comb and brush, and his toothbrush. The keepers gave him his two shirts, his watch, and six cents that were coming to him on his account. The State does better by its convicted prisoners that have served their sentence and been dismissed. It gives them ten dollars with which to start life over again. To be sure, Hoffman's spectacles, which had been held for five years as evidence, were returned to him. But the Ford sedan, which was also held by the State, was not mentioned.

At noon that day, Hoffman sat in a restaurant in the Bronx, enjoying the glorious advantages of freedom and vindication. But the ungrateful man refused to be happy. His former wife, from whom he had been alienated by the events of the past years, sat in silence opposite him. His younger daughter was in an orphan asylum. Mildred, now ten years old, gazed uncomprehendingly from one unhappy parent to the other. But a child could not be expected to understand that the State had fulfilled its obligations when it had paid her father his six cents.

At a near-by table, his lawyer, Sam Liebowitz, was giving an interview to a reporter:

"Yes, they are going to begin life afresh," he said with a benevolent gesture toward the Hoffman family, "right where they left off five years ago."

MILDRED GILMAN.

A Tariff Lesson from Canada

IN THE committee rooms where the tariff is being manipulated, the consumer's voice is not heard. Overcome by the apparent unanimity of public opinion, he stands aside while the army of the tariff seekers passes by on its way to the public crib. The consumer's interests are scattered and unorganized. An increase in the tariff means to him an increase in the tariff, nothing more—he has seen it happen often; but to the big manufacturer it means dividends, rights of exploitation, potential profits on watered stock, the Protectionist Nirvana and the Seventh Heaven. So it is natural that when tariffs are in question, the manufacturers talk: the consumer remains voiceless.

This state of affairs will not be improved by political parties, nor even by an Engineer in politics. Heaven still helps those who help themselves, and the silent consumer will get no help. A Tariff Commission trained in the protectionist point of view will always tend to hug the illusions of that cult. And giving evidence before a congressional committee is not a job that tempts most consumers. Release from the present conditions can come only when the consumers are organized and ready to present the point of view of those who, with every tariff increase, must foot the bills.

The citadel of protection is not naturally strong. There is the widest possible division of opinion among even extreme protectionists. They unite only because of the chance to exploit the interests of the consumers. What is one manufacturer's raw material is another's finished product. If those who receive protection are forced into the open where they must express their own opinion, they will fight for the reductions of duties upon raw material and increases upon the finished product. A public hear-

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ing where the consumers are represented always brings out certain facts in regard to the capital structure of the corporations, the profits earned, and the water in the stock. With the publication of the record of such a hearing, the public can gain some idea as to the cost of protection to the country. The consumer begins to get his bearings; he no longer fights in the dark.

But to do this, he must be organized; and in Canada, he already is. The Canadian Tariff Board is purely a fact-finding body. Any interested person may appear before it. There is always representation from the low-tariff side.

Our two main organizations opposing increases in the tariff in Canada are the Consumers' League and the Council of Agriculture. The first is a general organization, with membership in the different Provinces; it is maintained by voluntary contributions from private individuals. It has been represented at every meeting of the Board since the work was started, and has made a number of direct applications for tariff reductions. It has opposed all applications for increases in tariffs, and by pamphlets sent out has done a great deal to inform the public concerning the outstanding facts in the different cases.

The other organization that maintains representation to oppose high tariffs is the Canadian Council of Agriculture. This is a farmers' organization. The Canadian farmer markets his products abroad. He cannot gain from the imposition of a tariff: the burden falls upon him. This organization has always opposed increases and has made application for free listing of cement imported from all countries. There can be no doubt that the work of these two organizations has greatly influenced Canadian fiscal opinion during the past two years.

As soon as they are faced with opposition, the protectionists betray the weaknesses of their own position. When the Canadian primary producers of iron and steel asked for increased duties on pig-iron, billets, bars and rods, the secondary manufacturers, who use these products in their own industries, rose in protest. When the manufacturers of aluminum bars, rods, sheets, and other aluminum products, presented their case to the Board, the fact was brought out that Canadian manufacturers of aluminum ingots, bars, strips, sheets and foil, were succeeding without tariff protection, while the American aluminum industry, although much larger and stronger financially, insisted on the shelter of a high tariff wall. Aluminum foil, according to the evidence of Canadian aluminum manufacturers, sold in the United States for 71 cents a pound, in Canada for 50 cents a pound. The American manufacturers had raised the price to a point where world competition was increasing, the Canadian manufacturer, under free trade in foil, was gradually driving the foreign competition out of his market.

Perhaps the greatest change that has been brought about by open hearings before the Canadian Tariff Board is in the attitude of the manufacturer. When the Board was first constituted, he came before it confident, self-reliant, and arrogant. But gradually he has found his old shibboleths shattered, his preconceived notion of the facts upset, and his stock argument in regard to wages and floods of imports evaporated. The result is that, although he still clings to the shell of his old belief, he is no longer so firmly convinced that there is anything solid in it.

The consumer receives the consideration he deserves: it is impossible for him to get more than that. If he is content to lie down, the protégés of privilege will ride over him. If the American public wants relief from tariff exactions, it must be willing to make the effort: it must maintain an organization that will bring out the facts. It must prepare to make application before the Tariff Commission for reductions. It should attack the anomalies of the tariff; and in doing so, it would be wise to begin attacks where the resistance would be weakest. There are a number of cases in which the present high tariff must be a sore spot. If the facts were brought clearly before the public, the public would insist upon removing the anomalies. Congress and the Senate would no longer be able to resist the pressure. And passive acquiescence, at least in cases of preposterous extremes, would pass away.

R. J. DEACHMAN.

Ottawa.

Justice Holmes and the Schwimmer Case

ON MONDAY, May 27, the United States Supreme Court handed down its decision in the case of Madame Rosika Schwimmer. Madame Schwimmer, a Hungarian by birth, and a well known pacifist, had been barred from American citizenship by the Federal District Court in Illinois, because of her unwillingness "to bear arms in defense of her country," a decision which the Supreme Court upheld by a vote of six to three. Mr. Justice Holmes wrote a dissenting opinion, in which Mr. Justice Brandeis concurred. Mr. Justice Sanford also dissented. The majority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Butler, held that it is the duty of citizens "by force of arms to defend our government against all enemies whenever necessary." He also stressed the possibility that the views held by Madame Schwimmer might tend to lessen the willingness of other citizens to bear arms.

The New Republic publishes below the full text of the dissenting opinion by Mr. Justice Holmes. We feel that it sets out, far more ably than any words of ours can do, the attitude which any person who calls himself a liberal ought to take toward this decision.

The applicant seems to be a woman of superior character and intelligence, obviously more than

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ordinarily desirable as a citizen of the United States. It is agreed that she is qualified for citizenship except so far as the views set forth in a statement of facts "may show that the applicant is not attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same, and except in so far as the same may show that she cannot take the oath of allegiance without a mental reservation." The views referred to are an extreme opinion in favor of pacifism and a statement that she would not bear arms to defend the Constitution. So far as the adequacy of her oath is concerned I hardly can see how that is affected by the statement, inasmuch as she is a woman over fifty years of age, and would not be allowed to bear arms if she wanted to. And as to the opinion the whole examination of the applicant shows that she holds none of the now-dreaded creeds but thoroughly believes in organized government and prefers that of the United States to any other in the world. Surely it cannot show lack of attachment to the principles of the Constitution that she thinks that it can be improved. I suppose that most intelligent people think that it might be. Her particular improvement looking to the abolition of war seems to me not materially different in its bearing on this case from a wish to establish cabinet government as in England, or a single house, or one term of seven years for the President. To touch a more burning question, only a judge mad with partisanship would exclude because the applicant thought that the Eighteenth Amendment should be repealed.

Of course, the fear is that if a war came the applicant would exert activities such as were dealt with in Schenck *vs.* United States, 249 U. S. 47. But that seems to me unfounded. Her position and motives are wholly different from those of Schenck. She is an optimist and states in strong and, I do not doubt, sincere words her belief that war will disappear and that the impending destiny of mankind is to unite in peaceful leagues. I do not share that optimism, nor do I think that a philosophic view of the world would regard war as absurd. But most people who have known it regard it with horror, as a last resort, and even if not yet ready for cosmopolitan efforts, would welcome any practicable combinations that would increase the power on the side of peace. The notion that the applicant's optimistic anticipations would make her a worse citizen is sufficiently answered by her examination, which seems to me a better argument for her admission than any that I can offer. Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into, as well as to life within this country. And recurring to the opinion that bars this applicant's way, I would suggest that the Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is, that many citizens agree with the applicant's belief and that I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

O. W. Holmes.

The Spanish Students Fight On

"WE put down the Riff, we can deal with a few rabbit students," was the remark, now famous in Spain, of General Martinez Anido, Minister of Interior, Vice-President of the Spanish cabinet, former Governor of Barcelona, and generally admitted to be the author of the most brutal repressive acts that have occurred under the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera.

As a matter of fact, it was the French who gave the *coup de grâce* to Abd-el Krim. When the Spanish army in Morocco had been destroyed in 1924—much as General Silvestre's troops had been overwhelmed in 1921—Primo de Rivera, it is true, took charge of operations in person. But he confined himself to withdrawing the Spanish forces hurriedly, and with great loss of life and equipment, from the interior of Morocco to the coast. The press, which was controlled by the government, represented the most disastrous lap of his retreat, the evacuation of Sheshuan, as a miracle of strategy; and Primo de Rivera—after carrying out a policy of retrenchment for which he had arraigned the 1922 liberal government—staged a triumphal military entry into Madrid. The King decorated him and bestowed on him the highest military title, that of Captain General. By 1926, the Spaniards had managed to reorganize an army in Morocco, which more or less cut off the Moorish leader from control of the coast; but Targuist, the capital of Abd-el Krim, in Spanish territory, was captured by the French alone.

In its present struggle with university students throughout Spain, the government has been equally blundering. For the moment, it claims the victory, but at the cost of antagonizing Spanish public opinion from top to bottom. Early in its quarrel with the students the government arrested Antonio Maria Sbert, the president of the students' association, maltreated him, held him in solitary con-

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finement for nearly two months, until his health was seriously impaired, and then removed him to another prison. At present it is not known where he is being held. It is rumored that he has been shipped to the deathly equatorial penal island, Fernando Po. In any case, it seems an anticlimax that the dictator has denied Sbert the right to graduate from any university in Spain.

A stream of students, mostly between sixteen and twenty years of age, and of both sexes, is filing in and out of the Carcel Modelo, serving sentences from a few weeks to several months, paying heavy fines, and in many cases being arbitrarily held without sentence. There is no trial by jury; the dictator abolished this clumsy institution soon after he seized power. At some personal risk, I have visited some of these students in the police station, talking with them by the sergeant's desk, under a hook where confiscated ties and belts are dangling, —for suicides are not allowed. And I have seen them walk smiling from the Carcel to greet their friends, families, and fellow students. Many have been cruelly beaten by the police; some of the girls have been put in the same *patio* with prostitutes; and students arrested in Seville have been forced to walk to Madrid.

Five of the eleven universities of Spain have been closed until September, 1930; and in the rest, many colleges have been shut down. All are being "reorganized." Primo de Rivera has announced that, if necessary, he will close all of the universities. And the students have replied, "We shall do our best to give you the chance." This means sacrifice on their part, for when the schools are closed, the students lose their credits this year, unless they can afford to journey to another university, and the opportunity to attend classes next year. "Reorganization" means that special crown committees take over the administration, expel refractory students, eliminate all doubtful professors, and abolish academic freedom entirely. In short, students are being deprived of any chance to receive a higher education. Many professors have already resigned, among them Jose Ortega y Gasset, a distinguished author and lecturer, who has held the chair of philosophy in the University of Madrid for fourteen years. Miguel Unamuno, the essayist and novelist, was deported, as American readers probably know, long before the present crisis occurred, to the Canary Islands, from which he escaped to France. He is now living in the frontier town of Henandaye, editing "Hojas Libres," which is forbidden, of course, to circulate in Spain.

All of this has sprung from Primo de Rivera's consistent attempt to muzzle free intelligence in Spain. There is scarcely a person of outstanding importance in the world of Spanish letters and academic life who has not lost his position, suffered exile, or seen the inside of a prison. The latest victim is the country's chief novelist, Valle-Inclan, a man of sixty-two, who was held two weeks without trial and then sent home to a sick bed. Blasco Ibañez died in exile, though he lived long enough to have his books taken from the shops by the authorities and burned in the public *plazas,* and to see his family maltreated. In Madrid, the dictator closed the Ateneo, which was the leading intellectual center of the country. It has since been reopened under a hand-picked committee. But part of its splendid library has been dispersed and the occasional lectures now given shun any topics of active interest. The same fate has overtaken similar centers in other parts of Spain. In Barcelona, the flourishing Institute of Catalan Studies was abolished, embarrassing hundreds of students and professors. Primo de Rivera has not a friend left among the intellectual classes of Spain. Even the Socialist leader, Professor Julian Besteiro, who had been collaborating with the government, has recently broken with it in a bitter speech in the Casa del Obrera. He could no longer stomach a regime that drove out its professors, imprisoned its students, and broke up street manifestations with cavalry charges, drawn sabers, and bloodshed.

The two specific measures that have aroused the universities into rebellion were royal decrees, which granted unfair concessions to the military academies and monastic schools. Besides their regular rank as officers in the army, students in various military colleges are now given diplomas as architects or engineers, without being required to take the necessary training. This, of course, reduces the value of all degrees and works to the disadvantage of students in the national institutions. Yet it is only one item in the long list of special favors that Primo de Rivera has showered on the military caste from which he sprang.

Similarly, two monastic schools have been granted the right to bestow academic degrees, although their training is inferior to that given in government institutions. The Jesuit college in Bilbao accepted the new privilege eagerly; the Augustine college in the Escorial was canny enough to decline it. In the capital, the National School of Engineering has been closed for "reorganization"—which means ridding it of all subversive teachers and students. The students themselves believe that this institution will never be reopened, and that the real purpose of the government is to leave the field clear for the Jesuit school of engineering in Madrid, where the academic requirements are also deficient.

As the result of such favors, Spanish liberals claim, both the elementary and secondary schools are now dominated, in their curriculum and personnel, by the priests. The Bishop of Toledo has recently made vigorous efforts to get control of the national teachers' association. Ever since 1857, the Church has had the right to inspect government schools; whereas the government, while requiring conformity to the public-school program, has no right to inspect the church schools. Throughout all of Spain, primary education is neglected. Thanks

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to the poor equipment of the public schools, parents who can afford to do so are practically obliged to send their children to religious institutions. In 1924, in Madrid, where the national schools are presumably the strongest, government statistics show that 87 percent of the children of primary age—from three to fourteen years—were uninfluenced by the public school; in 1926, about 75 percent. Of the 38 percent of the children between these ages attending school in 1924, 36 percent were in state and municipal schools, the remainder in private and religious schools. By 1926, the percentage in the public schools had increased to 55 percent. Of the sixty leading cities in the United States, Nashville, Tennessee, spends annually the least on its primary day schools: $48.18 per pupil, or 337 pesetas, at 7 pesetas to the dollar. But, in 1924, in Madrid, the capital of Spain, the government allowed only $27.30, or 191 pesetas per pupil. By 1926, this had dropped to $11.43, or 80 pesetas. More pupils, less expenditure per pupil, and worse conditions in schools that were already deplorable, as was clearly shown by the Crown Commission Report of 1924. A Spanish child in Madrid who depends on the public schools for an education is worse off than most Negro children in the United States. The average of illiteracy in Madrid, supposedly the national center of enlightenment, is 21.5 percent, which is about the same as that for Negroes in America.

This lack of education, to be sure, cannot be blamed entirely upon the dictatorship. But it helps to explain the existence of a government as blind and backward as Primo de Rivera's in Spain, which once led the world in prowess and culture. An ignorant government is the product of an ignorant nation.

Up to the present, the university students have formed the most outspoken, organized opposition, of any popular kind, to the dictatorship. The decree that called forth this opposition by granting special privileges to the priests was first submitted to a *Cortes* created by Primo de Rivera himself. Yet even these hangers-on of the regime voted against it. It was then brought before the permanent commission of the *Cortes*, a still more hand-picked body. Here it received only two votes. In spite of this rebuff in his own family, the dictator induced the King to sign it as a royal decree.

Protests were promptly sent to the government by the students, particularly of the University of Madrid, but remained unanswered. After waiting patiently for some time, the students called a general strike. The day was set; pickets were planted. The *Somaten*, musket-armed soldiery, drove away the pickets. The students of the law school visited the Dean in a body, and demanded to know why he had called in the soldiery. The Dean denied all responsibility and declared himself on the side of the students, informing them that the appeal for troops had come from the Rector. The students hurried to the Rector's office. There the single guard at the door drew his gun. The students hurled a bench, which broke the guard's legs, and smashed open the door. Rushing the shattered door, they once more presented their protest.

A royal decree immediately ordered the closing of the university. Degrees were denied to the ringleaders; and it was announced that all members of the faculty sympathizing with the students would be eliminated. Similar manifestations occurred throughout Spain, until all the universities were at least partially closed, and four of them completely. It was then that "reorganization" committees were put in charge.

The students now resorted to street demonstrations. Three thousand of the dissatisfied swarmed into the Calle de Alcala, shouting, "Death to Primo de Rivera!" and "Down with the King!" The Ministry of Education, and all show windows displaying pictures of the dictator or the King, were stoned. Each night the students were scattered by armed infantry and cavalry charges, growing more brutal as time went on. The clerical daily, "A. B. C.," printed a satirical editorial, to which the students replied by a demonstration in front of the new offices that were being erected for this periodical on the Paseo de Recoletos. Cavalry was called out, and the students barricaded themselves behind the iron chairs that line the Paseo. The horses' hoofs became tangled in the chairs, and the cavalry charge ended in a scramble of riders and their mounts. Workmen in the "A. B. C." took the side of the students, hurling bricks and mortar down upon the cavalry. One workman was shot through the leg before the students were dispersed. The next evening, the cavalry charged the students on the Alcala with drawn sabers, and blood flowed. This time, the students were surrounded in the rear, but most of them succeeded in taking refuge in near-by buildings. This ended the street manifestations.

Today the students are reduced to crying "Death to Primo de Rivera!" in the theaters and movies. Often the cry is taken up by the rest of the audience, and on several occasions the police have been obliged to empty the buildings. In one movie, however, the police were disarmed, and one of their number stripped of his uniform and thrown into the street.

The students published a daily, clandestine sheet, either printed or mimeographed. The closing sentence of one issue reads:

> Primo de Rivera declares that the Universities of Spain are unnecessary for its existence, that their value is zero (*nulo*), that they have contributed nothing constructive. Why then have Professors Altamira, Fernando de los Rios, Posada, Pidal, Ortega y Gasset, etc., etc. . . . been called to foreign countries to lecture? Has anyone ever heard that Marshal Foch called upon Primo de Rivera for advice?

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"Hojas Libres," Unamuno's frontier paper, has just circulated throughout Spain the ringing protest of the Hispanic University Federation, signed by all its resident members in Madrid, in which Primo de Rivera's attention is called to the familiar aphorism in Latin-American countries that "to civilize is to 'un-Spanish' (*despañolizar*)."

To counteract the influence of the students' activities, the dictator staged a manifestation in his own favor. Thousands of marchers were hired; government employees were required to sign up; yet, in spite of these efforts, the procession numbered less than ten thousand people. The pro-dictator press, "La Nacion" and "El Debate," as well as the muzzled independent press, were required to print official statements and photographs indicating that eighty thousand had paraded. But it was noticed that the same people appeared twice in some of the photographs. The government had run two prints of the same picture together, in order to swell the ranks of its marchers.

The students of the University of Seville have refused to take part in the opening ceremonies of the Seville Exposition. Their place, however, is being filled by the American military band, whose attendance has been authorized by our Secretary of State. Will it play "The Royal March" or perhaps "My Country 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty"?

Primo de Rivera has now offered an amnesty to the students, but he fails to mention the decrees against which they are protesting. At the same time, he declares that anyone who criticizes his regime will lose his citizenship, if a Spaniard, and will be deported at once, if a foreigner.

CARLETON BEALS.

Madrid.

Time

Time is a fenceless field
Where children all day long
Sing, and ever the same
Day, and the same song.
Where so much sky is spread
Time plays at being dead.

Time is a pair of arms
That young men growing old
Feel, and then forgetting,
Feel more strong and cold,
As hands come up behind
To harry their own kind.

Time is a flowing river
On which we ride at last
Smoothly, and forever
Straighter and more fast;
Till at the end of breath
Time dives to death.

MARK VAN DOREN.

Washington Notes

IT perhaps exhibits my malevolent streak, but since this extra session started so much has been said about the wonderful House leadership, and there has been so much prideful patting of themselves on the back by House leaders, such tall talk about the splendid control by the majority and the magnificent way in which the House supports Hoover, such ostentatious contrasting of the order and system of their body with the sloppy incompetency of the silly old Senate—there has been so much of this altogether modest sort of thing, that I cannot refrain from pointing out that before the House tariff bill came to its final vote in that body, the House leaders were run over by their own steam roller and the Hoover wish completely disregarded. A fine demonstration was given of the insecurity of present-day political organization, and to those who understood what happened a very lucid idea was afforded of where control really is lodged.

So far as I know, none of the daily newspapers commented upon the singularly humiliating reverse suffered by the Longworth-Tilson-Snell management, reinforced by the allegedly astute Mr. Newton, eloquent young Congressional Secretary of the Chief Engineer and bearer of the direct word from the White House as to what was desired. To get to the point, what was desired was to knock out the increase in the sugar rate, and the organized force that upset the House leaders, resisted and defied the Hoover pressure, and snatched control, was the Sugar Lobby, than which nothing has been seen more powerful and effective in the national legislative field for a long time. Before the tariff bill went to the Republican conference, a consultation of the House leaders was held at which the astute Newton made known the Hoover wish to put sugar back where it was and place the House in position to make a really popular fight after the bill gets through the Senate. Later, the "Chief" personally expressed his views on the subject to one or two of the leaders. It was pointed out that the one really offensive feature of the bill as it stands is sugar, and that the increase is hard to defend, exceedingly unpopular, likely to create an issue. If the increase should go through the House, it is a moral certainty that it will be made even worse in the Senate, and that the compromise in the conference will be higher than the House rate, which will be bad.

Practically all the House leaders agreed with this line of reasoning. The "Chief's" logic seemed more or less unanswerable. They would, therefore, restore sugar to where it belonged. There would be no trouble. It would be easy enough. That is what they thought and what, in effect, they said to earnest Mr. Newton and the "Chief." But it did not turn out that way—not at all. On the contrary, the sugar interests, combining with the lumber interests and directed by the genial heads of the Sugar Lobby, practically stood the aforesaid House leaders on their slightly flat heads. They laughed at them. They made a joke of them. They easily convinced them that if they made any serious effort to restore sugar they would take their old bill away and rewrite it. With the best grace they could, these House leaders, who have been talking

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about leadership and control, yielded. They dropped the sugar-reduction notion with suddenness and dispatch, and made the quickest compromises they could to get the business off their hands before another exhibition was given of where control really is lodged when the test comes. There was, of course, no small degree of disappointment in the White House. To no little extent, this ineffectual feebleness about sugar diluted the Hoover belief that the House is a grand body of men, truly responsive to reason, and its leaders noble fellows with whom it is a pleasure to coöperate. By contrast with the Senate, they still have the White House favor and remain the Hoover hope, but after this sugar experience there has been a considerable diminution in his confidence and enthusiasm.

The bill as it finally passed the House contains the three-cent sugar rate. That the industrious and able Mr. Smoot, leading the sugar forces in the Senate, will succeed in adding to this is one of those things that can be safely assumed. Under these circumstances, the very best that can be possibly hoped from the conference committee is the House rate. The compromise will probably be higher, which will certainly be displeasing and distasteful to Mr. Hoover as well as to a very considerable number of American citizens whose table costs will be appreciably increased. Yet, what are we, or what is he, or what is anybody going to do about it? The answer is: not a confounded thing. The skill, experience and strength of the Sugar Lobby, not in one party but in both, is such as to be practically unbeatable. What they want they will get. The thing is so easy it is ridiculous. The sugar interests in eleven states have a sufficient number of votes to deliver to other eager interests to make a winning combination in half a dozen directions. It is a matter of choice with the sugar people. There is no way to beat them as long as they are skillfully directed by men of experience in legislative log-rolling and vote-swapping. The Sugar Lobby has more brains and more ability than any other.

There are two things to remember, in considering the snarl into which the House and Senate have got themselves on farm relief, the certainty that the tariff bill, as it goes through the Senate, will be a very much worse bill than it is now (the Senate Democrats, it may be said, helping to make it so), the general predictions, now prevalent, that the administration program will be shot to pieces and the undoubted unhappiness of the efficient Hoover as he ruefully contemplates what is going on. One is that, in the last analysis, this tariff bill, like all others, will be written in the conference committee. Despite his unfortunate experience with sugar in the House and notwithstanding the loss of any semblance of control in the Senate, through insurgent-Democrat coalition, it is barely possible that Mr. Hoover may be able to exert a leadership and pressure in the conference groups very much more effective than he has shown in the larger bodies. It is barely possible that, by taking a personal hand in a strong way, he may get from the conference a bill very much more to his taste than now seems likely. He may get one that the Senate and House will be forced to swallow, or take responsibility for the defeat of all tariff legislation. That would not be so bad from the consumers' standpoint, though painful to the special interests, and aggravating to the farmer.

The other thing to remember is that Mr. Hoover has the final say, that there is such a thing as a presidential veto and that it is a possibility it may be used. If he is given the choice between a very offensive tariff bill and no bill, it is in his power to choose no bill, and the country generally would applaud the choice. It is a pretty difficult thing for a Republican President to veto a tariff bill. In doing so he hits special interests that have helped put him in the White House and have formed the financial bulwark of his party in many campaigns. It has not, so far as I can recall, been done by any Republican President. Still it could be. Mr. Hoover has set quite a few precedents since March 4. He has broken away more than once from the established rule, and has displayed a degree of initiative and originality which had come to be completely disassociated from our idea of the presidency. There are several ways in which he could justify a veto of the sort of bill that will probably come to him.

I have no reason at this time, however, for believing that he would veto it. I am writing merely on the theory that he can do so. He has the last word. If he wants to, he can knock the whole rotten, back-scratching, unwholesome legislative monstrosity on its unscientific and unsound head. But it would take a lot of courage to do so. It may be he will get a bill which he can sign without shame. It may be he cannot. Personally, I almost hope they lay in his lap a measure which revolts him by its excessive and unjustifiable nature, for the simple reason that I would like to see his courage tested. At the Capitol, in the cloak rooms and around Washington dining tables the remark you hear more frequently about Mr. Hoover than any other is to the effect that he has "no guts," that he can't stand the gaff. Now I do not know whether he can or cannot, and I have not as yet heard any concrete, well authenticated incident in the way of proof. But it is certainly the most interesting thing there is to find out about Mr. Hoover and I would like very much to know.

Washington. T. R. B.

Some Current Talkies

THE BEST way to clear one's mind of the concept of the talkies as spoiled movies is to see some which are developed stage-presentations, dramatic or musical. After six months of watching on the silent screen the everyday offerings which small communities can afford, I find myself interested in the talkies and much less offended by the talkie-stage-movie. I have still to discover a full-length talkie which has any virtue of its own.

Of the musicals, I chose "The Coconuts," because I wanted to see the Marx Brothers again and because Robert Florey, who made "The Death of a Hollywood Extra" for some ninety dollars and threatened the complacency of the movie magnates, was associated with the making of the talking version. If I had not also seen Paul Fejos' "Broadway," I should have believed that the talkies were really the death of the film, because Mr. Florey's work is almost invisible. There is one shot of a lot of chorus girls photographed from above; as they emerge from a cluster, their arms make an interesting design for fifteen seconds; the rest is the most ordinary kind of old-fashioned moving-picture technique.

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The Marxes come off handsomely; Groucho's is the first voice I have heard from the screen in swift chatter—not as swift, not as crisp as his wisecracking on the stage, but better in these respects than all the other deliveries I have encountered; Chico, who seemed to me to take a giant stride last year, keeps up the pace in this picture; and Harpo is extraordinarily funny and endearing, but the semi-close-ups take away some of the mystery of his expression. He was badly served because the director chose to play one of his famous scenes so that it remained invisible to the audience. I mean the one he imported from vaudeville where he stands with bland innocence written all over his face and cascades of cutlery, watches, jewelry, and other valuables pour from his clothes. With Harpo's back turned, the scene on the screen looked as if someone else were throwing knives.

Apart from that, it should be noted that the director never made up his mind whether he was making a movie or photographing a musical show; for the most part the production might as well have been a moving picture of what took place on the stage. The movie added nothing; the talking was exactly what it had been. All the virtues of the offering are due to G. S. Kaufman, Irving Berlin, the Marxes, and the other collaborators in the original stage show.

"Bulldog Drummond" is reported to be the best of the melodramas; it always was a good show. As a talkie it has a few drawn-out sentimental moments and songs inserted to kill time; it has some excellent silent sequences of a motor chase through a rainy night; and it repeats the original melodrama, making it move slowly because the characters speak with such deliberation (which does not of course mean with distinction) as to hold up action. Mr. Deems Taylor suggested to me that, on entering a talkie-theater, one's critical faculties abdicated, and one said of "Drummond," "What a swell show!" whereas the same show on the stage would be considered more critically. Professionally obliged to keep what I have of the critical faculty at work before the screen, I can still see his point; "Bulldog Drummond" *is* good "for a talkie." It is well paced, the camera does not center too exclusively on the person speaking, and mechanically we are at last approaching some differentiation in voices. I still found myself staring down the gullets of the players—an unesthetic experience—and still found the voices not issuing from their mouths.

None of the explanations of this difficulty is satisfactory. It is not faulty synchronization. The character says *"I* will wait here another fifteen minutes and then go *home,"* and the "I" and "O" sounds coincide precisely with the "I" and "O" movements of the lips; but in between, the character seems to have his mouth closed or to be making the most violent movements of tongue and lips—so much so that in "Broadway" I felt again and again that someone else was speaking the lines and the character only mouthing them.

Paul Fejos made, a few years ago, "The Last Moment," a more or less modernistic film, influenced by German technique, camera angles, the shifting of focus, "dissolves" and simultaneous appearances on the screen, and so wilfully tricky and so full of cheap symbolism, that I disliked it intensely. In "Broadway" he shows himself a fine director, hampered by the new medium. His best work is when he comes to show the morning-after at the night club, the scrubwomen on the floor, the moppers, the smashed glass and faded playthings of the club. The decorations of the club are so arranged as to suggest a constructivist setting; in the background a design suggests steel girders criss-crossing. The cleaning-up scene Fejos has naturally taken from above and at an angle, the little figures working painfully along the black floor where a few moments ago there has been animation and speed and gaiety. The last scene of all has been taken in technicolor, and until Fejos begins to do marvels with it, the color is merely a negligible trick; but when his camera begins to sweep over and over the scene, and mingle the colors with the masses, you get the feeling of the kaleidoscope, the elation of real gaiety which, in the pictured version, you feel entitled to because the hero has won his girl, and the villain is dead, the loyal moll who shot him has been let off.

I have said that the speech in this film seemed to me totally unreal. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi, who played the detective and the night club manager in the stage production, and Robert Ellis, who plays the hi-jacker, often escape from this unreality; Glenn Tryon, the Roy Lane of the talkie, and the girls surrounding him, and all the minor characters, never seemed to me to be talking at all. And, with the partial exception of Evelyn Brent, they were not very good actors—I doubt whether they could be very good movie players.

The melodrama of "Broadway" comes off well; there are some exceedingly exciting moments. Talking slowed up, not the melodrama, but the emotion. One of the attractive things in the stage production was the way Lane and Billie, his girl, and the other chorus girls, would chatter and quarrel until the last moment and suddenly "go on" which meant, there, going off the actual stage and on to the invisible stage of the cabaret. In the talkie version, that sense of stifling the emotions, the quick transition from the personal life of the hoofer to his professional life, was lost in spoken explanations. And all the scenes of love-making and recrimination were desperately slow; the producer, having paid an enormous sum for "Broadway," felt entitled to use all its lines, and the director, having abandoned the swift flashes of the silent movie, let the lines stay there. Somehow, George Abbott's direction of the original play managed not to be monotonous, with only a single room to play in; somehow Fejos, with dressing-rooms, ante-rooms, and offices, and the whole cabaret, made too many scenes repetitions of others, so that there were always people talking on stairs, and the entrance of the hoofer into the cabaret was always the same, while the girls dancing differed only in their costumes.

These three shows held my interest, entertained me; and they will probably be successful ("Bulldog Drummond" has been running for some time; the others opened last week). They indicate that the talking picture has made a definite conquest. They indicate also that what is now necessary is to develop a new technique for the talkie, which shall be neither that of the stage nor that of the movie.

I should add that the short numbers and the news-reels were surprisingly bad. And that "Noah's Ark," which disappeared from view this week, was pretty terrible. It

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had a single sequence of power: where the flood breaks, the waters pour down toward the audience, then the great crowds rush down in the same direction, and finally the buildings crash and tumble into the vast torrent. With the widening of the screen at that point and three waves, of water, men, and stone, coming toward you, the effect was startling. It was, in fact, the effect that D. W. Griffith got in "Intolerance"; add to "Intolerance" a few bits of "The Big Parade" and you have everything worth noting in this picture. The producers, however, added something else: a few painful talking sequences, totally unnecessary, with silly text, badly pronounced—so that they could say, "with dialogue." Obviously this sort of thing will presently disappear, for the new pictures are really made with dialogue. But even the new pictures will need to know when to use speech; and not all of them will get such good lines as Sapper and Sidney Howard gave to "Bulldog Drummond," and the authors of "Broadway" and "The Coconuts" gave to their original shows. GILBERT SELDES.

Comforting Portraits or Sweet Uses of Adversity

HE WRITES me letters from time to time, mostly long, always in his own beautiful, fresh script, usually very hot. What do I mean, he demands, by saying this or by not saying that? Do I not remember the time, five years ago, I said so and so? Do I not remember, then, that such and such is the case?—an intelligent man knows that, he is damned if any intelligent man does not know that. He had always thought that the principle involved was so and so, but it appears now that he is mistaken. We are now to learn at last, it seems.... Much sarcasm, assault, imprecation, revilement, with implications meanwhile that I constitutionally lack courage, am weakly polite, serve devious masters, have not a shred of consistency. The present letter, he says, is not bellicose, he is glad somebody at last has had the sense to give so and so the right praise, which he richly deserves, but the next letter will be pugnacious again, he promises me.

But I mind not at all. Vanity is duly appeased by the fact that he must value my opinions a little or he would not write these letters. After all he is a creator in an art and a writer in esthetics, and long may that combination wave. I am only too glad he is excited about art and wants to kick; most of the world around us here lets art pass as a luxury and not to be taken as very crucial or important. I like him best when he is mixed with a tenth part of gin; but at all times I like his energy, his harsh, insinuating warmth, his enthusiastic bad temper. I meet him at a party; he comes straight at me, "Say, why in hell. . . ?" It is all right; let him bark. If he bit my head off I know he would put it in his scarf—which is stridently the new *kunst*—and bring it tenderly home to me.

2. He has dined around, mooned around, been sweet, entertaining and man-about-town so long that he has become sheer slush. Life has turned him into an amiable fillet, boned, done in butter and ready to swallow. And yet, in a caustic world of judgments and facts, he is something to fall back on; people know it and sigh and stick to him, as you take one more chocolate even after you are a little nauseated with sweet. You fall back on him, knowing that if your own brain got soft and you sank into blather he would be gentle and affectionate when you saw him, and would not know the difference. The only difference he would ever know at any time would be if you no longer thought him a dear.

3. He was always out for a career, his eyes look beyond you, though he sees nothing there. There is not anything definite about it; he is not headed anywhere, but is merely careering. But that is enough in this generation of obliging virtue. Now he has hit something; the tides of the year have sold his book enormously well. He has gone up in the world and many are impressed. There is not much under him and as little in him, but the things around him seem to them higher up.

4. He is tall, thin, sallow, with dirt-colored hair as fine as when he was a baby; it still quavers into ringlets on top of his head. He came of a family of school teachers, all of whom died intestate so far as books went, actual, published offspring. This must have led him to resolve on no such fate for himself; if he has written, he keeps it dark, though he speaks of leaving this wasteful, rattled, foolish, distracting town where no good work can hope to be done. The thing, he says, is to create before you come to New York, sell it in New York, be taken up, and that is the end of you. He has numerous other opinions, many of them literary criticism, which seem to make his eyes lock in a stare when he announces them and his face flush. These opinions are clear, dogged, highly private and often about overlooked or inaccessible writings, paintings, music or architecture. People yield to him in these opinions very often; they are too relaxed or uncertain or fatigued to resist, for he has, to tell the truth, a kind of peevish force. And, moreover, they are good and tired of feeling him spattered over them, tired of wiping him off. He now has a position with a publisher and tells authors how to finish their books.

5. He has been several times to the East, livin there conspicuously, perfecting himself as a lecture authority on oriental art, living and thought. He has developed wonderfully his natural obliqueness, also, and so is able to undercut *bona fide* oriental lecturers, born in the East, because he knows both what the orientals would think and what his western audience wants to hear they think. He follows his nose, which leads him to fortune, largely because it is a straight, classical nose and his audiences admiring ladies He is constantly bringing God into his conversation. I have seen him at lunch eating an ear of corn, emerging from a great bite to say quite automatically, as if corn on the cob were but pure impalpable substance, "God is . . . " with a dark curtain across his tone and a kind of seven-branched candlestick look in the eye. At such times he gives you the best modern impressions I know of eating the sacrificial meat.

6. He is an art critic on a great newspaper and does exhibitions the season through, criticism, news, puffs, damna-

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tions, history, esthetic theories. In my study he looks at a painting that I have hung on the wall, a landscape with architecture, of some North Italian school, Brescia perhaps, such as one sees in the Dresden or Vienna galleries but rarely in Italy. He admires it, with scrutiny. "It's like Pannini," he says, turning to me happily.

As a matter of fact the only thing about this painting that is like Pannini is the columns. I might say, no, by no means, this picture has a broad brush, heavy chiaroscuro, warm color, the drawing lies in the masses, not in the lines. Pannini is everything contrary, is cool, is like a halved Claude, like Robert, like numbers of his imitators and numberless fake antique architectural landscapes ever-present at the decorators' finger-tips and in the mode these last few years. But I do not say this. This critic is always speaking thus about what he has learned, but cannot tell when he sees it. He has his use. People like him spread names, and those who hear them and are intelligent and want to learn will try later on to find out whose these names might be.

7. He has at bottom a luminous, shrewd mind, and a great gift for his art. But something far back in his life and bringing up led him to enjoy infirmity and martyrdom, especially when it is effective and glamorous, which is what he can usually make it. And thus it is that he likes so to insult his mind, to talk engaging theories that you can do nothing about except to listen to them, while you feed him or give him interpretations of himself or mix him drinks—as when, for example, he says that some day we shall all wear crystal masks on our faces, that is, he means, when men have reached a certain psychic plane, or he says he believes that art should be based on temperature, which, when his remark seems rather difficult and vague after our first response to it and to his hushed, low, charming voice, he explains to mean that the warmth or cold that our bodies feel as we approach a work of art will tell us what it is worth, will, as he puts it, radiate to us its immortality. Directly after which he gives a line of Pater's, a line that really in cold fact is Pascal's but seems now to shine more under the name he draws it from. If by some error in elevation you say that he is shrewd, he will spring half-unconsciously into the most brilliantly calculated nebulosity, which, as it masters your mind, leaves you thinking of lovely abstractions and pale asphodels in the fields of art.

When by long spells of abstinence from his society you think him out and get all this about him right, you know that you are wrong; the mysterious echoes of the world gather in your soul, and you know that you would be foolish to give him up, and that he is as distinct and necessary and precious a thing as the rain falling or the sun.

STARK YOUNG.

CORRESPONDENCE

Catholics and Birth Control

SIR: May I be permitted to correct a number of gross misstatements of fact upon which are grounded The New Republic's reply to my article on the Catholic position on birth control?

The assertion is made that "with a low death rate a very much smaller number of births per annum will produce an augmented annual increase in the population." This is flatly contradicted by the findings of students of population statistics.

Kucyznski states, "It has indeed not been sufficiently realized so far that however low may be the number of deaths there must be a definite and rather considerable number of births in order to insure the reproduction of the population . . . it would still be necessary that on the average each woman have two children, who in turn become parents of two children, etc., if the population were not sooner or later to decrease." In America and in the chief countries of northern and western Europe the number of children born to each woman is a little over two. For the population to maintain itself not one of these children may die before reaching parenthood. That is evidently an improbability, and so if the birth rates do not materially increase, the populations of these countries will certainly die out no matter how low may be the mortality.

Dublin and Lotka, speaking of conditions in the United States in 1920, show "that each family must on the average during the reproductive period produce 2.6 children to replace the original quota from which the parents sprang. Not all families have children, however; for at the present time about one marriage in six is either sterile or does not lead to live issue. The burden of childbearing therefore falls on the remaining wives who must bring into the world an average of not 2.6, but 3.1 children." This figure of 3.1 is the absolute minimum for survival. In 1920 the number of births to each woman was 3.7. The present number is around 2.

It is further asserted in the editorial that "the question whether married couples ought to live together but abstain from intercourse for long periods . . . is a question for doctors and psychologists . . . there can be no question but that modern medical leaders do not approve of such abstinence."

Dr. August Forel of Zurich, a leading authority on the matter, states: "It is quite certain that the harmful effects of continence have been greatly exaggerated. Normal persons of both sexes may remain continent though not without some trouble and discomfort. In a general way we may accept the statement that many morbid conditions are known to result from sexual excess, but few from continence."

Sir Lionel Beale says: "Sexual abstinence has never yet injured any man when it was the result of an interior discipline and voluntary rule of conduct." The late Sir Andrew Clark said: "Continence injures no one and it does not impede development . . . incontinence breaks down our grip on ourselves, engenders lax habits, devitalizes our whole being, and exposes it to diseases which persist for several generations." Dr. Paul Dubois, professor of neuro-pathology at Berne, states: "There are more neurasthenics among those who give free rein to their passions than among those who know how to curb their animal tendencies." Dr. Morris Fishbein, one of our most eminent medical authorities, says: "None of the students of the problem, not even the physicians, have ever perfected any method of birth control that is physiologically, psychologically and biologically sound in principle or practice . . . the most ancient and most certain of all is that of simple continence. . . . Little is said by the propagandists of birth control about the psychological aspect of birth control, but this is obviously a matter of the greatest importance." Dr. William Krohn of Chicago, an outstanding psychiatrist lately deceased, stated publicly that "the wholesome mentality of the woman is interfered with by the use of contraceptional methods . . . and nervous bankruptcy or neurasthenia is caused by the use of these methods." Many other authorities can be cited to the same effect. These men are not Catholics and are certainly not swayed by religious considerations in the matter.

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Another gross misstatement is that the Catholic Church in the United States has been largely successful in having its views on birth control embodied in legislation which applies to all citizens. The present provisions of the federal penal code, of the Tariff Act, of interstate commerce, and of the various state laws which forbid traffic in contraceptives were not put upon the statute books of the country by the Catholic body. That the Catholic Church is inflicting its views on Catholics and non-Catholics alike is a most intemperate statement and the opposite of truth.

An attempt is made to draw a parallel between the Catholic position on birth control and that of certain Protestant groups on prohibition. The use of alcoholic liquors is not sinful. The use of contraceptives under any and all circumstances *is sinful.* Protestantism, particularly in the evangelical churches, denies moral certainty and authority. By what authority then do these bodies make sinful the use of alcoholic beverages and where do they find moral sanction for prohibition?

The Catholic Church is at least consistent, since its moral teachings rest on certitude and authority. As the mouthpiece through which God's laws are made known to men, it declares the conscious and wilful frustration of conception to be intrinsically evil.

Just one other point requires attention. My statements that birth control seeks to hold the masses down to their low economic level, and at the same time proffers them a soft life, are held to be inconsistent and untrue to historic facts.

Birth-control propaganda is directed almost exclusively to those classes which are suffering largely from denial of a living wage. The great "selling point" of the birth-control clinics is to give to the struggling poor that which is already the possession of the well-to-do. The pages of birth-control publications are filled with stories of the hardships of the poor with large families. To these people the birth-controller says: "Have fewer children or none at all and you may have a much easier time. I am not interested in getting you a living wage or better wages, but I can help to make your ten, fifteen or twenty dollars a week go further by teaching you to reduce your family. You will feel better, work better, your employer will be more satisfied, and everybody will be happy." The exploiter of cheap labor cannot ask for more.

PATRICK J. WARD,
Director, Bureau of Publicity and Information, National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Washington, D. C.

[Mr. Ward assumes that our phrase, "a very much smaller number of births per annum," means a smaller number than at present exists in the United States. There is no justification for such an interpretation. If the birth rate is forty per thousand per annum, and the death rate thirty-five, it is obvious that the increase is only five. If the birth rate is twenty-two, and the death rate eleven, the increase is eleven. Our observation meant no more than that. These latter rates are, however, approximately those which are maintained in the United States today. If the last statement in Mr. Ward's fourth paragraph were correct, the native population of the United States would be declining, which is very far from being the case.

Mr. Ward quotes a number of medical authorities in support of the view that continence is not harmful. The question discussed in our editorial, however, was not continence in general, but the proposal that married people who love each other should live together while abstaining from sexual intercourse.

Mr. Ward assumes that the view of the Catholic Church on birth control cannot be said to have been embodied in legislation unless it can be shown that formal action was taken by some Catholic body urging enactment. Such action is, of course, not necessary. Legislators are capable of acting in deference to the known wishes of the Catholics, or of any other important group, whether or not an explicit demand is made for such action.

Mr. Ward's closing paragraphs, we think, speak for themselves.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: Mr. Patrick J. Ward, as you say in your "Reply to Mr. Ward" in The New Republic for May 29, is undoubtedly "moderate and intelligent." But I am not so sure that he "puts the Catholic case against birth control about as well as anybody can put it." I wonder whether he puts the Catholic case at all. I wonder what the Catholic case is. I even wonder whether there *is* a Catholic case.

Mr. Ward says, "The Church does not forbid the limitation of families under all or any conditions. In the family, as in other relationships, it expects its children to use prudence and foresight. It does not require child-bearing without regard to the health of the mother *or to the family income.* It simply teaches that if a limitation is placed on the number of children brought into the world it must be done through abstinence and continence." (Italics mine.)

In a book entitled "Marriage and Parenthood. The Catholic Ideal," which bears the "Nihil Obstat" of the Censor and the "Imprimatur" of Archbishop Farley, the author, Rev. Thomas J. Gerard, after explaining in detail that God's "extrinsic glory" depends upon the number of people there are in the world to worship him, proceeds as follows: "To hinder the course of nature, therefore, is to interfere with God's plans. It is to pull down His work in the Church militant, and to lessen His glory in the Church triumphant. A diminution of the number in the children of the Church is a diminution of the Church's collective faith, and love, and holiness. It is a diminution, too, which reacts on the parents; for since they have wilfully lessened the number of subjects of faith and love and holiness, they have wilfully lessened their own faith and love and holiness. *They have lessened the chances of their own salvation.* But letting nature have its way, they contribute to their own eternal welfare, they contribute to the collective eternal welfare of the race, they contribute to the greater glory of God." (Pages 117-8. Italics mine.) Beyond question, the "way of nature" includes rather frequent intercourse between married people who love each other, exactly as much as the culmination of intercourse in pregnancy.

Not only in the passage quoted, but throughout his article Mr. Ward emphasizes the position that the Catholic Church does not object to family limitation secured by continence, which it regards as both a possible and a practicable method. In an article in The Survey for March 4, 1916, Father John A. Ryan, whose authority as a spokesman of the Church can hardly be inferior to Mr. Ward's, says, "The Church does not positively and generally recommend this sort of restriction . . . because she knows that the practice of conjugal abstinence will probably not be readily adopted nor chastely followed by the majority of married couples."

An impartial reading of the book and article quoted in their entirety will confirm the impression that the fundamental differences of position are at least as great as are indicated by the passages quoted. These are only typical examples of a large amount of evidence that might be presented to show that the Catholic attitude on birth control, far from being the uniform, definite, and inflexible doctrine that it is usually supposed to be, is vague, diffuse, and inconsistent. HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD.

New York University, New York City.

SIR: No modern person, it seems to me, can fail to agree with what you say in reply to Mr. Ward's article on the Catholic Church's stand toward birth control. You make one statement, however, the sincerity of which I cannot but doubt. You say: "The Church has never yet failed to throw overboard a doctrine which has become conspicuously obsolete." This I venture to say will be news alike to Catholics and non-Catholics. It has been a long time since I first read Lecky's "Rationalism"; Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science," and A. D. White's "History of the Warfare between Science and Theology," and longer still since those books were published, but if the Church has in the meantime thrown overboard any of its "obsolete" doctrines or practices, it has not become generally known.

Louisville, Ky. DAVID FREEMAN.

Speculation and Stagnation

SIR: In a very interesting article which appeared in a recent issue of your paper, Mr. Lewis Corey described some of the factors responsible for the wave of security speculation. With most of his conclusions I heartily agree, but it seems

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to me that he has ventured on rather thin ice in naming as one factor the increasing concentration of income—the result of which has been that "mass purchasing power decreased relatively, while the incomes of the more wealthy increased beyond their consumptive needs and the needs of legitimate investment. Stagnant mass purchasing power slowed down industry, compelling much of the surplus money of the larger incomes to flow into speculation."

Mr. Corey himself states that from 1923 to 1927 the aggregate income of persons with incomes below $5,000 increased by 13 percent. This looks like an appreciable increase, rather than stagnation, in the purchasing power of the masses.

Although it is true that the national income has become more concentrated, it is doubtful if even this *relative* decline in mass purchasing power can be considered a cause of business depression. The wealthier classes spend part of their income, keep part on deposit, and invest the remainder. Their money can be considered idle only when their deposits in banks or other financial agencies are increased without a corresponding increase being made in the loans and investments of these institutions. In the absence of proof that such a situation exists at present, the conclusion that concentration of income has promoted industrial stagnation seems unwarranted.

The theory that "the incomes of the more wealthy increased beyond their consumptive needs and the needs of legitimate investment" is likewise unsound, in my opinion. The assertion so frequently heard—especially in the construction industries—that high interest rates are curtailing business would lead one to think that there is a scarcity, rather than a plethora, of new capital available at ordinary rates. Savings of speculators and others who profit by appreciation in security values do not seem to be in excess of what business men consider the "needs" of legitimate investment. On the contrary, I can conceive of the process of speculation giving rise to exactly the opposite result: The ranks of the speculators include a great many persons not wealthy enough to save automatically; these "get in on" a rising market and then exchange appreciated securities for the savings of new purchasers; the speculators spend part of the proceeds (*i. e.*, other people's savings) in order to live on a more expensive scale, and in this way actually decrease the supply of savings available for capital investment.

Concentration of income is already excessive in the United States, and the efforts of every right-minded person should be directed toward the adoption of adequate inheritance and income taxation and other appropriate measures for correcting this flagrant evil. I do not believe anything is to be gained, however, by over-stating the case—by imputing business stagnation and security speculation to it, for example. Its iniquities are glaring enough without that.

ROBERT S. FIELD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Words Across the Sea

SIR: I hasten to pour oil on the smoldering coals discovered by the correspondence which has followed the wake of Mrs. Woolf's undoubtedly casual comment on Henry James's language, by quoting a few excerpts from articles appearing in the English papers on the occasion of the first meeting of the International Council for English, held in London, in June, 1927:

> . . . Why should we offer to discuss the subject at all with America? We do not want to interfere with their language; why should they seek to interfere with ours? That their huge hybrid population of which only a small minority are even racially Anglo-Saxons should use English as their chief means of intercommunication is our misfortune, not our fault. They certainly threaten our language, but the only way in which we can effectively meet that threat is by assuming . . . that "Americanisms are foreign words and should be so treated." . . . The American point of view was exhibited clearly enough during the debates of the Conference. They complained in particular of two misuses which in their opinion were "fouling the language." One of these was the use of "whom" when it should be "who," and the other was the use of the phrase, "he don't." The first of these is, of course, utterly unknown in England, and the second, though common enough in the "best circles" in America, is never heard in this country save from the mouths of people who make no pretense of education. If these misuses are "problems," they are certainly American, not English, problems. More enlightening still was the suggestion of Dr. Canby (U. S. A.) that "the task of the Council should be to find out the facts as to usage, grammar, Americanisms, Anglicisms and kindred subjects." The word "Anglicism" has a definite meaning in regard to foreign languages, but in relation to the English language it has no meaning for us at all. . . . What Dr. Canby meant by it presumably was some usage which his own country had not adopted. His point of view, at any rate, was clear enough. He claimed for America a right equal to our own to decide what is English and what is not!
>
> This is a claim which we cannot too emphatically repudiate. The American language is the American language, and the English language is the English language. In some respects the Americans may fairly claim superiority. "Sidewalk," for example, is a better word than "pavement," and "fall" an infinitely better word than "autumn." If we do not adopt these better words it is simply because of their "American flavor"; and the instinct which makes us reject them, though unfortunate in certain cases, is profoundly right. The only way to preserve the purity of the English language is to present a steadily hostile resistance to every American innovation. From time to time we may adopt this word or that, or sometimes a whole vivid phrase. But for all serious lovers of the English tongue it is America that is the only dangerous enemy. She must develop her own language and allow us to develop ours. . . . This is surely a right which we may claim—to do what we will with our language. Other nations may use it if they wish, but that is their concern, not ours, and their use of it does not entitle them to even a single voice in its authoritative definition.
>
> . . . And on the question of what words and idioms are to be used or to be forbidden we cannot afford any kind of compromise or even discussion with the semi-demi-English-speaking populations of overseas. Their choice is to accept our authority or else make their own language. So bad cess to this new "Council" and all its works.

A short correspondence between the writer of these caustic sentiments and a reader of The New Statesman ensued:

> I am surprised that a contributor to our greatest weekly journal should make such a glaring misstatement as appeared in your columns last Saturday. "The use of 'whom' for 'who' is unknown in England." Why, it is as common as blackbirds in June. Have you never read in an English newspaper such a sentence as "This was the man whom the people thought should be Prime Minister"? Both London and provincial newspapers are full of this error. You will find it even in the works of that typical Englishman, Mr. H. G. Wells, *whom* it would be very daring to describe as an uneducated man. If you like, I will send you examples from leading newspapers, as they occur. But tush! I am puling. Like Burke, Swift, Sterne, "Y. Y." and Yeats, I am an Irishman, and my views have no weight!

And this is the reply:

> Here I must admit a carelessness of phrase. I was thinking of the common American misusage such as "whom is he?" This error is not, I think, known in England, but in America it is as common as "between you and I" is over here. The common misusage to which Mr. Bevan refers is regarded by many people as debatable—an "attracted case" . . . I had in mind the quite indefensible form of error which the American delegates also, no doubt, were thinking of when they raised the point.

A fully illustrated report of the British attitude towards the problem presented by the Council, written by Professor Kemp Malone, one of the American members, appeared in the April, 1928, issue of American Speech. Professor Malone happily shows that the "nationalist or patrioteer" point of view is not universally English.

New York City. DORIS FOX BENARDETE.

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A Candid Critic

Swinburne, by Samuel C. Chew. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 335 pages. $3.50.

THE long decline of Swinburne's reputation, which began with his incarceration at Putney under the care of Theodore Watts-Dunton, and which was arrested neither by his death nor by the appearance of his official biography by Sir Edmund Gosse, and the Letters, has at length ceased. Within the last three years have come the definitive Bonchurch edition of his works (in which the present biographer notes many shortcomings), the republication of Gosse's life, the admission into the English Men of Letters Series through the medium of an accomplished critic, Mr. Harold Nicolson, and, by no means least, this present study, exact in scholarship, sound in judgment, sensitively responsive in style. In a real sense, Mr. Chew's volume is final—his work will not have to be done again.

At the outset, it is to be said that Mr. Chew is unusually generous in recognizing the deficiencies of Swinburne as a poet. He notes "the loss of power and passion that are due to Swinburne's excessive wordiness," and admits that in the "Poems and Ballads" "the sensuality—is not only blatant and extravagant, but wearisome and absurd." Of the Pindaric ode, "Athens," by which Swinburne was willing to have his "station determined as a lyric poet in the highest sense of the term," Mr. Chew remarks: "The ode is rhetorical rather than truly poetic: studied, self-conscious, pompously magnificent." And, while claiming for Swinburne the first place among English poets whose work belongs exclusively to the second half of the nineteenth century, he asserts: "He is not of the first order of poets nor, perhaps, even of second rank. Nowhere in his verse will be found a line or a stanza in which is concentrated the inmost spirit of poetry. 'The light that never was on sea or land' comes to him by glimpses or not at all." Surely, beyond this, candor could not fairly go. But this frankness does not interfere with the fine critical judgment with which Mr. Chew distinguishes Swinburne's best work or the fullness of his appreciation of it. From the tangle of tropical growth in "Poems and Ballads," he sets apart "Laus Veneris," and "the greatest of his poems based on personal experience of passion, the magnificent 'Triumph of Time.'" In "Atalanta in Calydon," he recalls "the shimmering beauty of the music, the sun-drenched landscape through which the fair, strong figures of the drama move," and the "complete intellectual and emotional accord between poet and poem, poem and reader." Of the "Prelude" to "Tristram of Lyonesse," he very justly declares that it stands with "Ave atque Vale" and "Sienna" "at the summit of Swinburne's lyrical achievement," and adds: "It is like nothing else in English poetry." In the clear flame of poetic energy with which line kindles line of the free couplet verse, it resembles Shelley's "Epipsychidion," and, likewise, the opening of Crashaw's "Flaming Heart"; but nowhere else in English poetry can be found such marvelously sustained eloquence.

Mr. Chew is certainly right in dismissing Swinburne's personal experience of life as an important originating element in his poetry. In this respect Swinburne is at variance with the main current of English poetry in the period of which he saw the beginning. Nothing is more striking in the history of poetry of the middle nineteenth century than the painful preoccupation of poets with the question of subject-matter. They realized that in every great age of poetry there has been prescribed a body of material with which the imagination of the poet could freely and confidently deal—in the classic period, the Middle Ages, and the Renaissance. The eighteenth century had been sure of its ground; and the Romantic Movement had discovered Nature and revived the Middle Ages as the great quarries of poetic matter. The poets who followed inherited these resources, but they used them self-consciously, as borrowers, with a sense that their own epoch should possess a subject-matter characteristic of itself. They were, however, for the most part, too timid to commit themselves frankly to realism; religion was becoming a doubt; and natural science proved highly recalcitrant to poetic treatment. Browning, indeed, found satisfactory substance in the various experience of humanity and the stream of consciousness accompanying it; but Tennyson had to content himself with reading modern thought into medieval settings; Matthew Arnold was sure that noble action, which was the true subject of poetry, could only be found in the past; and Rossetti bought the "Gesta Romanorum" in the vain hope of finding there subjects for poems.

Swinburne was more fortunate. He accepted frankly the inspiration of literature and, with a culture far richer than Rossetti's, he found in it ample sustenance. "From books," says Mr. Chew, "Swinburne derived a response as sharp and bracing as other poets have won from immediate contact with life." The range and variety of Swinburne's sources are a challenge to scholarship: Greek, medieval, Renaissance, modern literature, all made their contributions to his palace of art. Moreover, he achieved creative mastery of the forms characteristic of each. In the drama, his "Atalanta" and "Erectheus" are a living emanation from the Greek, not a dead imitation like Matthew Arnold's "Merope." The medieval ballad he wrought so perfectly that William Morris rejected him as editor of a series on the ground that he would write in his own material which could not be distinguished from the original. Again, no poet has given his pen so copiously and enthusiastically to the celebration of literature. The Elizabethan drama became a genuine source of poetic excitement to Swinburne, the inspiration of a series of sonnets and of many essays, more remarkable for passionate partisanship than for critical appraisal. No poet has ever acknowledged so proudly his fealty to contemporary poets —Landor, Victor Hugo, Baudelaire. It may be added that no poet has ever put himself so unreservedly in the hands of his friends, the priests and Levites of literature, for the conservation and administration of his powers.

The great seal of Swinburne's genius seems always to have been in commission. It was a group of his young Oxford friends who launched his opposition to the Victorians in "Atalanta" and "Poems and Ballads." It was the shrewd wisdom of Jowett which placed him under the command of Mazzini in the struggle for the freedom of Italy. Finally, it was Theodore Watts-Dunton, Editor of the Athenæum, who rescued Swinburne from a debauchery which certainly would have proved fatal, and made him his companion and ward for thirty years. Of these, the Jowett-Mazzini ministry was the most successful. The young barbarians of Oxford who cried *épater les bourgeois*, and the staid Watts-Dunton who advised him to send his muse to the safe school of nature, were both mistaken. But freedom was a great poetic tradition into which he was proud to enter with Marlowe and Shelley, Landor and Hugo. Thus, Swinburne carried on one phase of the Romantic Movement—he treated politics with imagination and made it a real subject of poetry, the poetry of revolution. The "Song in Time of Order," the "Song in Time of Revolution," the "Song of Italy," and "Songs Before Sunrise," in general are the chief exceptions to the

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rule that Swinburne's inspiration is derivative and literary. Mr. Chew recalls his words to a visitor: "My other books are books; 'Songs before Sunrise' is myself."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Songs of Today

Compass Rose, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. New York: Coward-McCann. 96 pages. $1.

Nearer the Bone, by Charles A. Wagner. New York: Coward-McCann. 109 pages. $1.

Angel Arms, by Kenneth Fearing. New York: Coward-McCann. 64 pages. $1.

Bands and Rebels, by Keene Wallis. New York: Coward-McCann. 80 pages. $1.

THIS little series of "Songs of Today" disavows swank, and the price recommends it. "In these days of hard trying nonchalance is good"; it would be still more sensible were the publishers to cut out all blurb writing on the paper jackets, where it is so easy to say silly things.

Take this, for example, of Miss Coatsworth. "Her traveling adventures which have led her into most of the countries of the globe . . . have made grist for her poetic mill and brought her a deep knowledge of life the world over." Yeah? That seems, more often than not, to be just the trouble; here are verses skimmed from the polite surface of Cook's-tour experience. Is the mystic rose made by compass, or the mystic eye given vision by globe-trotting? Miss Coatsworth's best poems are those where she sits, least self-conscious, watching the cat, ungathered apples, a black dog bereaved, three seeds cracked in the macaw's red beak. These, and a few others, perhaps a dozen altogether, are poems with some distinction of matter and manner; they define a poet wise enough to be ashamed of printing ta-da, ta-dee magazine verse.

O 'tis an easy thing
To write and sing,
But to write true, unfeigned verse
Is very hard—

Most of Miss Coatsworth's book is done too easily.

"Nearer the Bone," by Charles A. Wagner, is even more befouled with the guano of professorial great auks. It is not fair to judge Christ by the Christians, nor a poet by less than his best; but Mr. Wagner's best is hard to find, and the search not very exciting. The title poem, given place of honor just before the intermission, is typical enough; the best poem in the book may be this little variation of a theme by Masefield, entitled:

CREATION

Between a woman and a man
In ecstasy my life began,
Two strangers for a moment kind
Gave all my body and my mind.
If something halted their sweet plan
I would not be this living man.
Since thus in joy life fills the earth
Why does Art find a tragic birth?
Is this the measure of the span
Between the works of God and Man?

For the rest, the "genuine and rare qualities," the "poignant sense of having met reality," the "increased power," the "sincere tone," the "clear eye on experience" seem to me to boil down to what Zarathustra called "some sensation of voluptuousness and some sensation of tedium," sophomorically understood, and crudely expressed. Such rhymes as "calm-alarm," and such phrases as "He could not weep Like others do," ring no bells in my mind. But I warn you, Irwin Edman, Robert Frost, Mark Van Doren, and John Erskine are on the other side.

"Angel Arms," by Kenneth Fearing, is more authentic, unified, and genuine, but honestly dull. Here is a city satirized, a prowling-dump of Undertaker and Junkman, "where stars are chips of fallen lime, Bleached and dry." This world of rubble and orts, in which people jerk by without fury or purpose, is dead and alien to generation; its poet lacks a sense of "the heat and speed of the earth." There is one exciting poem:

BALLAD OF THE SALVATION ARMY

On Fourteenth street the bugles blow,
Bugles blow, bugles blow,
The red, red, red, red banner floats
Where sweating angels split their throats,
Marching in burlap petticoats,
Blow, bugles, blow.

God is a ten-car Bronx express,
Red eyes round, red eyes round.
"Oh where is my lustful lamb tonight,
His hair slicked down and his trousers tight?
I'll grind him back to my glory light!"
Roll, subway, roll.

Heaven is a free amusement park,
Big gold dome, big gold dome.
Movies at night: "The life she led."
Everyone sleeps in one big bed.
The stars go round inside your head.
Home, sweet home.

On Fourteenth street the bugles blow,
Bugles blow, bugles blow,
The torpid stones and pavements wake,
A million men and street-cars quake
In time with angel breasts that shake,
Blow, bugles, blow!

"Ghost-breathing and ghost-whisking, seemeth to me all the jingle-jangling of their harps; what have they known hitherto of the fervor of tones!" But here comes Keene Wallis, in "Bands and Rebels," with seven stories in verse, and they are swell. Call it six, and let "Dark of the Moon" run for the end book: the facts, true enough, are too queer and strange, too special to be so thoroughly interesting. But in the others you honestly know this is what life is really like—especially twentieth-century American, young working-boy life. Take "Spoiling on His Hands," for instance—nothing much to it, only a story of a clerking-boy who is going to take a girl to a show that night. It starts out gaily in the early morning

Lady, lady, lady!
I have found my lady
and she takes to me.
Boarders, meet the lady
and you'll murder me!
"Yes, tonight we're going
to a highbrow play"

till at the end

he waited till the final blast should blow
to go back home, clean up and get all ready
and take a God-damned female to a show.

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But in between is a whole working day, adding weight, running down, getting sadder and tireder. Mr. Wallis commands the stanza form excellently: he offers such variations as a, a, a, b, c, b, b, c; a, b, a, b, c, c, c, b; a, b, a, a, b, c, c, c, b—with a skilled introduction of feminine rhyme. This is a pedantic note on poems that are humorous, warm, tender, fluent, moving easy—why waste words?—they are readable, they are alive.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Freedom in America

Freedom in the Modern World, Edited by Horace M. Kallen. New York: Coward-McCann. 311 pages. $2.50.

ATTEMPTS to make a book out of a number of lectures by different people usually fall short of success. This series of studies proves that the thing can be done. Whatever the reader's conception of human nature or society, whatever his bias regarding the possibility or actuality of freedom in this world of ours, he will find the discussion lively and informative. Eleven different authors, each well qualified to speak on his phase of the subject, approach the problem from various angles. By Clarence Darrow freedom is treated as a negative concept, as the ability to do what you want to do; by Walton Hamilton it is treated as a positive concept, as the opportunity to make the most of yourself. Freedom as an ideal gets handsome endorsement all around, but at the same time it is made clear—impressively, for example, from the legal standpoint by Zechariah Chafee and from the economic standpoint by Walton Hamilton—that if freedom is to be more than a name it must find embodiment in devices which safeguard or further it practically. The question is pursued into its political, economic, moral, psychological, esthetic, philosophical ramifications, and the writers present their material with forthrightness and vigor. The one subject that comes off rather badly is the relation of religion to freedom, although two able doctors of divinity contribute chapters, one on the Roman Catholic, the other on the Protestant, view. The former is a series of final pronouncements based upon theological absolution, and the latter, free from this authoritarian bias, almost as completely ignores the contemporary religious ferment which has its source in the many-sided demand for liberty.

The book is not reassuring. Much has happened in these United States, as a number of authors show, to curtail the freedom of the individual citizen and in every department of life. Silas Bent, considering the matter in a chapter on speech, conscience, and the press, makes it clear that if we examine the ground gained and lost since the beginning of the Republic, the score is none too encouraging, and that the record of the last ten years is a very dark one. Horace Kallen is of like opinion. "In the decade," he says, "since the world was made safe for democracy, it seems to have been made very unsafe for freedom." Max Eastman feels that he can contribute "little besides reinforced and carefully demonstrated gloom" to the discussion of the political angle. In a machine age the inexorable alternative, he contends, is Lenin or Mussolini. The restraint inherent in the machine system is inescapable; the best we can hope for is the progressive removal of the restraint inherent in the wage system. We had therefore better go out "to see if there is any other beautiful thing in the world to fall in love with." These are samples. The reader can scarcely escape coming away with a lively sense that liberty has been more seriously encroached upon, in this land of the free, than he suspected, and that the future is extremely precarious. Vigilance, the authors repeat, eternal vigilance, is the only hope, and "a certain foxiness," as one of them puts it, "in finding out the small cracks in the system" under which we must perforce live.

But the fact that representative Americans are still devoted to the ideal of human freedom and are able to throw light on its nature and conditions is itself heartening. And this fact is given substance not only in the discussions referred to, but in the editor's chapter on "Why Freedom Is a Problem," Robert Morss Lovett's on "Freedom in the Fine Arts," and especially in John Dewey's keen analysis of choice and in his well argued interpretation of freedom as the power to develop preferences into intelligent choices. In a word, the book is a timely and important social document.

M. C. OTTO.

Delinquent Children

Reconstructing Behavior in Youth, by Wm. Healy, Augusta F. Bronner, Edith M. H. Baylor and J. Prentice Murphy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 325 pages. $3.25.

THIS book is based upon the results of a nine-year study of the effects of foster home care on the behavior of problem children. The study was undertaken after extensive work with juvenile delinquents had convinced the authors that home environment is one of the most conspicuous factors in delinquency and that institutions fail to prepare their charges for a better social adjustment after release.

Five hundred and one juvenile offenders were placed in foster homes, either as boarders, employees, or adoptions, always under the supervision of the placing agency. Among them were delinquents, that is, children who steal, run away from home or school, lie excessively, beg, set fires, and stay out at night; sex offenders; children with habit problems, as smoking, drinking, masturbation; children with abnormal personality or mentality traits. The results show that foster homes, carefully chosen on the basis of the etiology of misconduct, succeeded in reconstructing the behavior of 90 percent of the 217 cases having normal mentality and personality, of 70 percent of the twenty cases with defective mentality, and of 45 percent of the 102 cases with abnormal mentality or personality. (These figures are based on only the 339 cases placed by private agencies—the rest having been placed by the city or state—for they alone represent the ideal placement, supervision, and follow-up conditions which the authors offer as a pattern of procedure in the handling of juvenile misconduct.)

Such results fully justify the conclusion that no form of juvenile misconduct is incurable, not even polydelinquency, that is, indulgence in more than one form of misconduct by the same individual, provided the picture is not complicated by abnormal mentality or personality. The authors are fully aware of the baffling problem which these cases present to the psychologist and to society, so much so that they are at the present time devoting a special study to their further analysis and classification. But they wisely refuse to permit this unsolved problem to invalidate or obscure the major moral of their findings to date: that behavior is sufficiently modifiable by environment to warrant the treatment of misconduct by a change in environment, in terms of the causes or motives of mis

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conduct. Translated into practical terms, this means that the psychologist or psychological clinic must become a permanent link in the chain of social institutions. Thus, into the present sequence of juvenile offender, juvenile court, correctional institution (and so often back to court and into prison) the psychological expert must be introduced, somewhere between the offender and commitment. This is a step in the direction of equalizing opportunity.

No fault can be found with the conclusions of this exceedingly careful and interesting study, but the technique employed does raise at least one question: granting that foster homes, as a device for substituting incentives for socially desirable behavior in place of incentives for socially undesirable behavior, are infinitely superior to institutions, one still wonders whether the same money and effort spent on foster-home treatment could not be used to better advantage in reconstructing the child's own home. Some of the case material offered seems to support this possibility.

As long as society remains organized around the family and the home, separation from the family, except where it is voluntary, carries with it a social stigma which may prevent or undermine a normal social adjustment, the very goal for which such institutions as the Judge Baker Foundation (the sponsor of the present study) are striving. It is well known, however, that social betterment is still but a hand-to-mouth enterprise for which the really best method can serve only as an ideal.

AUGUSTA ALPERT.

The American Tropics

The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics, by Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 390 pages. $5.

THE only adequate way of reviewing Mr. Crowther's new book on the Caribbean countries would be that of the old English critics in the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. One would have to write a book, or at least a thick pamphlet, to elucidate and analyze and do justice to the large number of problems arising out of such a comprehensive compilation of the history, politics and finance of half a dozen republics.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Crowther's able books on Henry Ford and other titans of the business world will know that when he enters the Caribbean it is as an advocate of big business. To a man of his temperament the amazing futility of political knavery in Central America, the endless misery and desperate poverty, which is the heritage of that region, is merely something to be abolished at once by sanitation, engineering and sound finance. Facts are on Mr. Crowther's side. The idealist who deplores the methods of big business in some areas, who claims for the Latin-American Kultur a quality of its own, can make no complaint when Mr. Crowther rapidly and forcibly reveals how the United Fruit Company and its auxiliaries have brought health and prosperity to the Caribbean sea-board. Here is big business in business, and not in politics. While the lawyers and concessionaires squabble and bicker in the capitals on the high plateaus, while the cunning and unscrupulous militarists strive to seize what are known as the reins of government, the men whose job it is to grow and transport millions of stems of bananas to North America and to Europe have built up an empire of their own in the hot lands of the coast, an empire of economic importance which passes easily over national frontiers, and which needs no political power, because the effects of its activity are so plain to the most lowly *costeño*. The term "exploitation" of the Caribbean sea-board can be used only in the Spanish sense of the word. Where men are prosperous and healthy they will be most difficult to foment into insurrections for bringing about vague states of theoretical liberty. The sad fact remains that the Latin-American poor revolt largely because they have nothing to lose save their economic chains. Mr. Crowther makes no attempt to show that there is anything of value in Latin-American ideals or civilization. Without being arrogant about it, he shows with distressing clarity what decent employment, common sense and economic security will do for people who have never had them before. In view of this clear and rapid résumé of Central-American affairs, one is willing to forgive the occasional errors of fact and the outrageously partisan account of the annexation by the United States of the Canal Zone. A long series of splendid photographs compensates the reader for the absence of an accurate map.

WILLIAM MCFEE.

Popular Pre-History

The Most Ancient East, by V. Gordon Childe. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 258 pages. $5.

Four Faces of Siva (The Detective Story of a Vanished Race), by Robert J. Casey. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 373 pages. $5.

THERE is possibly a happy middle ground between a forbiddingly learned treatment of archeology and a journalistic exploitation of the general interest in ancient man which newspaper editors tell us now prevails. Neither of these books, in spite of declared intentions of occupying this middle ground, succeeds in doing so. Professor Childe apologizes for the "popular treatment" of his material, but the layman will find his scholarly work too detailed and too allusive. It presents the recent discoveries which have compelled historians to realize that old cultures, once thought to be so exclusively Egyptian in their earliest appearance, extended as far east as the Indus Valley in northwest India. Many terms, such as "antediluvian," which mean one thing scientifically and quite another to the general reader, are not clearly explained, and the book lacks the summary treatment of evidence which would make it illuminating for the eager ignorant. Professor Childe's position is dogmatically diffusionist, although he has an open mind as to the development and age of centers outside Egypt such as Mohenjo Daro. For those already initiated, his book will be exceedingly useful as a brief compilation, up to the minute, on Near East discoveries.

Mr. Casey's work can serve no such purpose. It lies almost at the other limit of archeological writing. Burdened with the classic faults of travel essays, facetiousness and self-conscious lyricism, and a devious prolixity all its own, it may serve to interest new tourists in Cambodian ruins, but as "the detective story of a vanished race" it does not get very far. The author is shaky as to the real nature of his mystery, and the only attempt he makes at an explanation of what destroyed the civilization of Angkor amounts to little more than an insult to the Thais. He does not appear to know that China ever had anything to do with Indo-China—although he refers to Groslier as an authority—and he identifies Buddhism with decadence. Real archeology for the layman seems to be a still unsatisfied need.

LYMAN BRYSON.

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Why Do Students Study?

Incentives to Study: A Survey of Student Opinion, by Albert Beecher Crawford. Yale University Press. 194 pages. $5.

THE author of this volume believes that modern college students are more acutely critical than heretofore, more vitally concerned in questions relating to the curriculum, and by implication, at least, he believes that they are more straightforward, candid. At any rate, over one-half of the total student body at Yale gave answers to almost one hundred questions asked of them in 1926. Mr. Crawford has faith in these responses and bases his conclusions upon them. His study has all the appearance of a painstaking enterprise, conducted with as much fidelity to scientific method as is possible when opinion is the object of research. And, although the conclusions seem, at first glance, to be wholly obvious and precisely what any keen observer might have guessed, this first impression is misleading. After all, most scientific research in the sphere of psychological phenomena has for its main purpose corroboration of good guesses, hypotheses, already in the minds of the far-seeing. And even though many of Mr. Crawford's inductions seem obvious, he has by his more objective method provided assurance where heretofore only "hunches" existed.

The major factors determining a student's achievement selected for this study were: *ability, circumstances, incentive* and *experience*. These aspects are, of course, interactive, and consequently cannot be clearly isolated. Students differ widely in academic ability, and there is close correlation between mental rating and academic performance. Students who "work their way," or earn a portion of their income, are superior to the non-self-supporting; this is particularly true of the intermediate group, since those who spend too much time and energy in income-producing activities sacrifice something in academic achievement. It appears that a little economic pressure is salutary, while too much is dangerous. Likewise, those who spend the least while at college have the best scholastic records. One of the interesting conclusions from this analysis of economic factors is this: the range from poverty to affluence among Yale students is much wider than the range of potential ability.

What influence does the student's family background have over his scholastic attainment? This is, patently, one of those factors which cannot be specifically isolated. It appears, however, that the student of a small non-college family of limited means is a better academic risk than one from a larger family of similar economic status. On the other hand, students from higher economic-status families do better if the family is large. Sons of doctors, lawyers, ministers, and teachers are more successful as students than sons of business men. Sons of college graduates are not appreciably superior to those whose fathers did not attend college.

The student's chief advantage is derived from his purpose, from his motivation. Those who plan to go into business stand lowest in academic rating, and those who plan to teach stand highest. Definiteness of purpose is more pronounced among those students who plan to enter the professions than among those who propose to enter business. Those who engage in extra-curricular activities measure up to their scholastic potentialities better than those who do not engage in such effort. Mr. Crawford believes that this is due to the fact that the curriculum itself fails to supply adequate motivations. Perhaps a similar reason accounts for the fact that students do better in elective than in required courses.

This study leads to the general conclusion that a student's success in college is determined by the following factors, arranged in the order of their importance: (1) potential ability as measured by mental tests; (2) definiteness of life purpose; (3) expectation of entering upon a professional career; (4) economic status; (5) influence of parent's occupation; (6) student's own purpose in coming to college. By a process of summary and synthesis it becomes clear that the student's attitude is the important item involved in his incentives to study. Mr. Crawford therefore hazards the recommendation that greater meaning must be put into the course of study. He makes an eloquent point on behalf of "cultural" education. "True education," he proclaims, "should once more be related, as it once was, to life interests and values if it is to recapture meaning and put down the threat of materialism. Culture must, through courageous renunciation of its values, conquer, not compromise." These are brave words. Mr. Crawford supplements them with ten specific suggestions for improving the college curriculum, ranging from a course of study derived from student-interests to student participation in discussions of college policies.

E. C. LINDEMAN.

New Novels

Garda, by Rose O'Neill. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

THIS story attempts to scale the heights of fantasy and reality reached by such books as "Zuleika Dobson" and "Peter Ibbetson." Its plot is equipped with the elements necessary to such an attempt. The characters are rich in contrast and weird enough to suit the sharpest craving for the grotesque. The soul and the body are represented by a boy and girl, twins of the most transcendental Irish variety. A husband, "yellow as gold" and with all the beauty of a perfume advertisement, is imported from Venice. The scene is laid near a hill-clasped lake of upper New York State. Moreover the method of revealing the plot in its larger aspects is skillful and competent.

What ruins the book is an excessive Celticism in the style. It is completely undisciplined. Miss O'Neill delights in the misuse of words. She has a passion for tearing three metaphors to tatters in the same paragraph. Grammar and even sense are frequently abandoned in her anthropomorphic descriptions. Her hills not only skip like lambs, they beat the Psalmist by charging like bison. They can do everything except play the guitar and waltz. Here is a passage of only average extravagance:

> It must be said that Garda's voice gave out those low, earthy, dark-honeyed, epicene sounds we call contralto. It was of the kind that lives like a strong, nested wind in women with deep breasts. And she delivered it with the precision of a sword. She used to open her great throat like a hound and let the molten gold clean out, while in the center of the coral cave of her mouth her tongue quivered like a humming bird. But she would not sing. It had been so that she would be doing it all day long; and in the night, that great tone would be lifted like Philomel's, when she awoke to turn in bed.

Garda is the female twin. From this passage it would appear that she used to sing in her sleep. According to a note on the jacket of the book, Miss O'Neill has spent

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twenty years thinking about this novel and two years transcribing it to paper. She ought to have had time enough to clear up such a point, and she would have improved her work considerably if she had allowed "the molten gold" to "clean out" of many of the chapters.

C. A. C.

To-morrow Never Comes, by R. L. Duffus. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

WHEN you are twenty-three, the problem of dealing with a world markedly at variance with what you had been led to expect is sometimes a trying one. But when, in addition, you are the bastard son of a canon of the church in a mythical Latin-American republic, when you are in love with the most beautiful creature in the world—who is also desired by the Generalissimo and His Highness the President—when, moreover, you are at moments doubtful of the virtue of your beloved, the situation may become well-nigh intolerable. Rafael Gomez found it so. The General was willing to provide a way out. "Private citizens," he said, "should not lay claim to women wanted by members of the administration. It is—it is communistic. You shall be killed, therefore, as pleasantly as I can arrange it." That was to be on the morrow. But in Santa Eulalia tomorrow has a way of indefinitely postponing its appearance, and, although much blood is spilled before the way of love is made smooth, Rafael's is not part of the stream. There was, of course, a war. Mr. Harris, ambassador of American efficiency, started it. Not that he liked to fight; but he was willing to fight in order to make other people work. There were very desirable oil lands lying idle on the Toloso frontier. Mr. Harris gained his end, but he lost his peace of mind. The Santa Eulalians perplexed him. They were obviously an inferior race, for they were willing to reduce their needs to a minimum in order to secure a maximum of leisure. But in some ways they seemed to know more than he did. . . . All this affords excellent opportunity for satire. And satire there is, very deft and good-humored and unobtrusive. It never clogs the movement of the story. Mr. Duffus, one judges, has imbibed too much of the spirit of Santa Eulalia to allow Serious Moral Purpose to mar a good tale—and certainly he would not allow it to interfere with his siesta.

D. L.

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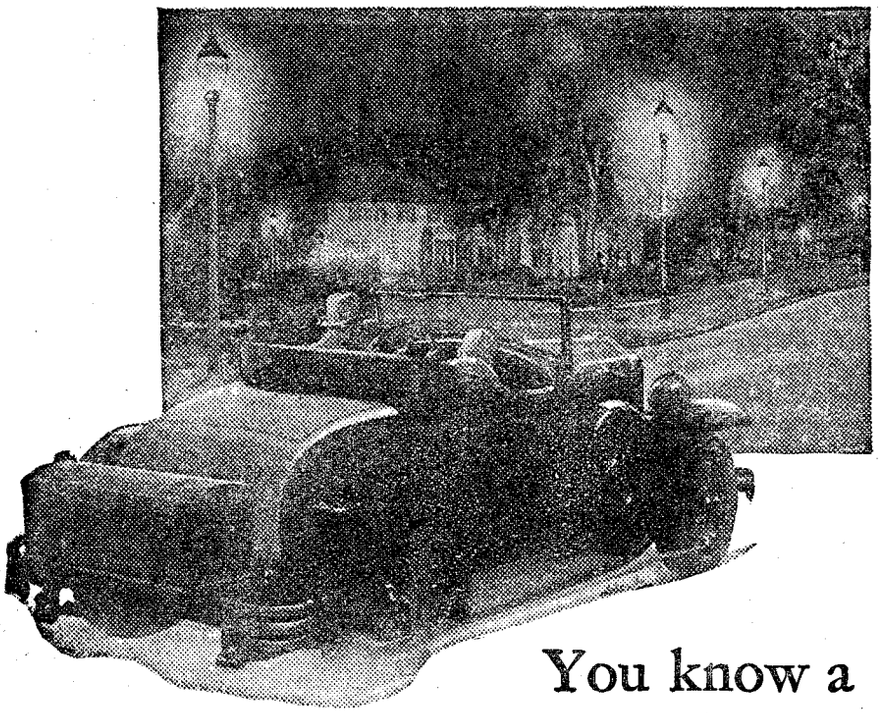

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